

Theatre Australia

Prospect Theatre Company
Tom Stoppard
John Romeril
Film: *Dawn*

Nationwide Reviews including
film, ballet, opera, records,
books, National Guide.



**Reg
Livermore**



Murphy's Rumours



**Kristin Green
or
Dorothy
Hewitt**

SYDNEY THEATRE COMPANY
PRESENTS
WORLD PLAY SEASON 1979
at the
DRAMA THEATRE SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE
6.5
PLAYS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

BOOKINGS MITCHELLS BASS

RODIN NERIM as the smoking Miss Docker

KARA BELL director of the Venetian Twins

KATE FILDPATRICK as Marguerite Gautier



AUSTRALIA

WED JANUARY 17
TO TUE FEBRUARY 13

A CHEERY SOUL

by PERCE WATT

by actor **ED QUINN**

in the Play Company

A brilliant comedy of manners.
Starring **EDWIN KIRBY**

FRANCE

WED FEBRUARY 21
TO SAT MARCH 24

THE LADY OF THE CAMELIAS

by ALEXANDRE DUMAS

by actor **RAY CLAPHAM**

in the Play Company

KATE FILDPATRICK as Marguerite
Gautier - the great French actress

ENGLAND

FRI MAY 25
TO TUES JUNE 26

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

by ARTHUR HERRMANN THOM

by actor **JOHN H. WASHINGTON**

in the Play Company

A fine, sophisticated comedy like none
seen in up to us in the land

GERMANY

WED JULY 4
TO SAT AUGUST 4

THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE

by HEINRICH HEINE

by actor **JOHN CLARK**

Starring **KATE FILDPATRICK** as Marguerite
Gautier - the great French actress

AMERICA

FRI SEPTEMBER 14
TO SAT OCTOBER 20

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT

by EUGENE O'NEILL

by actor **JOHN H. WASHINGTON**

in the Play Company

One of the great family dramas, of the
sublimity & beauty of the art

ITALY

FRI OCTOBER 26
TO SAT DECEMBER 1

THE VENETIAN TWINS

by CARLO GOLDONI

by actor **KARA BELL**

in the Play Company

A comedy classic, comedy with
BARRY FELDPAUGH as Marguerite

The national magazine of the performing arts

Theatre Australia



April 1979

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#COMMENT#

In Praise of the Perth Festival

The organisers of the Perth Festival had some justification for their "Eastern States" persona: the twenty seventh Festival created by WA contemporary artists, was as large and high powered an affair as any Adelaide Festival, and as an event has been running longer. Yet general appreciation and media coverage has little relationship to its importance.

Tom Stoppard as the major festival guest, though, was covered by most newspapers and indeed gave very good value for his week's stay. He performed with great humour, wit and intelligence to masses, interviews, TV and the festival's own productions of his work. His changes to Act 2 of *Night and Day* were said to have caused some problems for the cast, but by evening night all seemed to be resolved. On the Sunday before his departure Stoppard explained a credit role: the means was "The Festival" or "Tom Stoppard and the World". The final score is unknown.

Taking part with "The Festival" team was Director, David Benjafield who looked late for the relaxation's among an incredibly heavy schedule: life and publicity officer Pauline Steele worked night and day to keep the Festival rolling, stars in most as experts, press conferences to organise, interviews to attend and with a staff apparently only one fifth the size of an Adelaide counterpart.

Perhaps not uncharacteristic result of this overseas visit: the apparent lack of a central organisation of theatre. Three of the major shows seemed to have got themselves in the wrong theatre, Prospects for their marvellous chamber pieces had wanted the 800 seats,

third stage of the Odeon, but were stuck with the terrible, ex cinema. The Regal, with all its lack of facilities and which owed their prices to do a little SA's State Opera had the problems of music in the night as well as mention some irony and expensive partnership to cope with in the New Funtane, and would have been served better by the Regal, while Planned took a major Shakespeare to the city with the only remote-sited Elizabethan theatre in the world — the New Funtane — but performed in the Odeon.

That there should be such chaos in the first time mentioned so far are only the half of it: those how each Perth was in theatre buildings and how that it in that each nation are ignored by the post grouping known as WA as the "Eastern States". Not only are there four professional theatres at the university, the National Company's Playhouse and Green Rooms, the dramatic block in the Wall and the Regal, but the rest TWX Entertainment Centre which, though there is some controversy, denied by of great interest particularly to Sydney actors who will soon be having one of their own. And the Perth like Sydney's, one of the few grandiose late twentieth century theatres, remains in the country, it is a project that deserves far greater attention than a has at far named. Available Four Parklands, with Theatre Company Tom Brown, is in the process of converting the Regal's into a fully equipped modern theatre, while leaving its nineteenth century appearance almost completely intact. The project looks like costing up to \$11 million, which may seem a lot, but not against the cost of demolishing one theatre and building another is a considerable saving.

Sydney Theatre Company — Decisions Needed

Cost seems to be a problem bothering the Federal Minister of the Arts, Mr Elliott, in relation to the Sydney Theatre Company (see Quotes and Quizzes). Whether or not the national Board of the Company is, as he suggested, subject to political pressure, is dubious, but it is obviously about time an Artistic Director was appointed and new Board was elected, so that a clear plan running to a flourishing company. Whether the director is going to be there are months of work awaiting him before he even starts his first season in 1980.

John Bell still seems to be important in the

company of people's minds as the most likely candidate for the job, although he himself seems increasingly non-committal about whether he is even interested. It seems that National would prefer to take on the responsibility of being the State Theatre Company without destroying their successful organisation and working relationships of the present structure.

The closing date for applications from potential artistic directors was 15th February, so hopefully some announcements will be made shortly (perhaps by the time this is published).

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“QUOTES & QUERIES”



Ray Lawrence, as Secret Gov.
Phelan Craig Lawrence

SYDNEY THEATRE COMPANY FUNDING DEBATE

Sydney Morning Herald (10th Feb. 1979)
Government Threat to cut-off theatre finance

"The Federal Government has threatened to cut off finance to the newly revived Sydney Theatre Company unless an independent Board is established."

EVAN WILLIAMS, Director of Cultural Activities, Premier's Dept. NSW.

"I don't know Mr Elliott's definition of the word independence. It may be that he has some personal or political objection to some of the people on the Board. I wouldn't like to speculate on that. I can only state my own confidence [what that the Board of this Company is not only independent but thoroughly capable and professional in the approach to its responsibilities]."

Mr Justice McColl and Mr Kyrpyr have unimpaired experience in finance, industrial and legal circles, and Mr Dorey Jones is an actor of undoubted talent. All three are known and respected throughout the community. They have taken groups across to support an Artistic Director for this Company. They have entered with the help of their administration an outstandingly successful opening season at the Sydney Opera House Drama Theatre."

MR ELLIOTT, Federal Minister for Home Affairs.

"I regard it as crucial to the success of the Company that its Board should operate as an independent Board and not be subject to any

form of political direction or interference. I hope that Mr Williams understands that any future Federal funding of the Company will in part be dependent on a being established with an independent Board which participates in the choice of the Artistic Director and the formulation of its policy."

Mr Elliott said that he felt Mr Evan Williams' statement was dealing with personalities and that he had no comment to make on those aspects.

Synopses for the Australian Council

"There has been no threat from the Minister to cut off funds from the Sydney Theatre Company. Council approved a decision to grant \$150,000 to the Sydney Theatre Company for this calendar year at a meeting held on 2 Mar.

Mr Elliott was present at this meeting and expressed the view that the grant would be paid to the STC even though it did not conform to classes 4, 5, and 6 of the Council's standard Code of Grants. The Council passed an exemption from the normal codes in order to allow for the fact that the STC Board is an interim appointment. Now the structure of the Company will operate in 1980 is to be decided later this year. As soon as the Board has appointed a Director it must call a meeting to discuss the activities of associations. The grant of \$150,000 holds all this December 1979, to facilitate the Company's initial work.

The Australian Council simply voted to see that a theatre Board observes Council procedures and is elected democratically by members of the company."

HOLE NEW LOOK

JANE NEWBY and COLIN MCCOLL

"One well-known actress in Perth has already dubbed the new management of The Hole in the Wall Theatre a 'youthquake'. Through the established actors aren't exactly shaking in their boots. It's true to say that the appointment of Colin McColl, 30, as Artistic Director and Jane Newby, 28, as Administrative both of whom have amassed considerable and diverse experience in their relatively short careers, is ensuring a few head apples on the West Australian theatrical scene.

"Without totally alienating staunch Hole supporters, I like to see us attracting a younger, quainter audience back to the Hole", says McColl, "an audience who come to regard the Hole as their theatre, because we speak their language, because we present theatre that is relevant to them and to Our Times and by that I don't mean us all going to be angry drama and protest theatre and because we can offer them a theatre experience unlike any other in Perth. With the demise of the Playhouse's Government

and the splendid work Mike Morris was doing there, the Hole is now the only alternative for people who want their theatre to be challenging, innovative and credible."

"I have always been a fervent admirer of the Natural, the energy and dynamism of its operations and of course, like used to work there so that we found in our planning that we were almost unconsciously emulating ideas used at the Playhouse. Can't be a bad thing, particularly in the hands of people Natural do — *Madness King*, *Come with Me*, *American Affliction* — also happens to be the kinds of plays that work well at the Hole, but I hope we will eventually work towards a 'housestyle' that is completely our own."

Already McColl and Newby have embarked on aggressive marketing campaigns to reach secondary and tertiary students and have expanded the theatre's playing week from four to six nights.

McColl's first productions *Come with Me* and *Madness King* are in March and the recent *Madness King* City Super season in The Hole.

"People keep asking me that if I have I have a success in our Australian productions" and McColl "I can't believe it — *Madness King* is going to become the *Children of the 70s*. His plays contain all the humour, bitterness, illustrations, denouncing cruelty, depth of feeling and social commitment *Children* You see."

Robert Lamb's latest *Wild About* is McColl's third production for the year, then Ray Croude will direct *The House Girl* for The Hole. The programme of plays for the remainder of the year has yet to be finalised but it will include a Sam Shepard, D.H. Lawrence's *The Woman of Men* and the new Robert David MacDonald play about Eva Braun and Marlene's marriage, *Summer Conference*.

Books, marriage work. McColl is planning a two night series of subversive theatre plays of *Cops*, *Evil* etc.) and a workshop series of new short Australian scripts. There will be few kids, involving participatory theatre for children in the school holidays just an alternative to the *Playhouse* The *Playhouse* type have often offered to Perth youngsters and a family morning Youth Theatre workshop through the second school term, for secondary students. This will culminate in a full scale production of *Caplan's Life of the Insects*, mounted entirely by the students and directed by McColl.

"I hope control back to something Beverly Hills and when the talk up development of the N Y City Opera," says McColl. "I guess, We don't want to be the second company in New York, (and Perth) we want to be the *other* company, the different one." I can't put it more succinctly than that."

Q & Q

MIXED SEASON

NICKA ENRIGHT, Associate Director, STC.

"Like Star has returned in Sydney to take on his Literature Board grant and Kevin Palmer and I have become Colin George's Associate Directors. Kevin returns to the Company after several years, taking the NIDA technical production audience.

My own year has started with *Reverend* at Colston Hall English Chamber. Mike Selway has the main part and it is exciting to share a stage with a classical talent of such presence and promise.

Then I wrote my first production as the Playhouse, directing Les Gwynn, Colin Frith and Ted Hodgson in *American English* by the brilliant poet Chicago playwright David Minter, whom we are introducing to Australian audiences. He knows the language inside and outside of contemporary street talk and his play is a lively comic piece about three jolly down in a journey.

Another new play follows a local play by Ruth George commissioned for production by Minge during the Cane Cut Festival in the May school holidays. Ruth's play *Goddish A*, set in a SA country town at the late fifties and explores the idea of a community its half-caste songs will be performed by Minge's *Strawmanned* band, *The Hot Birds*.

Last in the season is *Alice and The Man* my first Shaw and my first collaboration with an old friend, now Head of Design, Hugh Colman. The playhouse to Hobart after its Playhouse season."

RETURN OF THE BASTARD

ROBIN RAMSAY

"Although Lawson had spent over a year in London at the turn of the century, his aggressive colonial personality had not gone down. The new introduction to the English was *The Bastard* from the Bush of what Manning Clark calls the Chast cast. In his opinion, there was to them a revision of a new kind of Australian, whose romantic writings embodied his own joys, doubts and confusions and by inference, Australia's.

There is a new appreciation of Lawson in Australia. Thanks to his huge success in Colin Roddick, Manning Clark's opinion biography as well as some splendid theatre poems. *The Bastard* is unique theatrically, in that it is a direct study from Lawson's own autobiography and his other writings — many only recently discovered — in a highly dramatic form. Rodney Fisher and I have achieved the history. The four garden substance of *Wanted* *Donovan* is a perfect result."

FROM THE BUSH VIA LONDON

RODNEY FISHER, Director

"There was not only personal satisfaction and pleasure to be had from directing Robin Ramsay in *The Bastard* from the Bush at London's Riverside Studios, there was also the learning

remember that Henry Lawson went to London at what he called "my high tide" and began there a desired literary destination from which he never returned.

This is why the success of the show and starting word of mouth publicity that led to such performances was particularly gratifying. Ramsay has enormous support with the "Chast cast" side of Lawson's character, the strong praise he received — accompanied as it was by a warm acceptance of Lawson the writer, 71 years after his death — gave me a very good feeling that we were doing it for him.

The Bastard from the Bush currently plays at the National Donor's Theatre this month.

TRIBUTARY READINGS

JUDITH ALEXANDER, Director

"Tributary '79 started off on 8th January with two readings of new plays by Melbourne playwrights. The readings took place at South Melbourne, without an audience and were part of a new Tributary scheme, "Readings for Playwrights." Company actors give a private reading of a play for the benefit of the playwrights as that allows problems can be resolved in the hope that the play will then be suitable for public exposure.

This is a preliminary step in the process of taking new Australian plays from a limited workshop performance with a small audience to, hopefully, a full scale production. It was felt necessary after our experience in 1978, when the evening and workshoping of new plays was sometimes hampered by the too pressing need to prepare the play for a public performance.

The first two plays to be read were *After* of Fire by Graham Hill, and *The Sound of Music* by Eric Scott. These were followed on 8th March by a reading of a short play, *Seven Phantoms in Search of a Locksmith* by Sydney novelist, Colleen Linn.

The general consensus of opinion after each reading was that the scheme was helpful and worthwhile.

The first 1979 Tributary production was a play with music by Ian and Martin Frenkel entitled *The Hypocritical End of Bert Black* which ran from 19th to the 24th March at the Russell Street Theatre. The play, which featured Jim Frenkel, Peter Cummings and The Company Ensemble, was staged with some financial assistance from the Music Board of the Australia Council. During rehearsal of his *Golden*, a twelve-year Berlin, the young Blackie is forced to examine the relationship between his art and politics."

ANPC DONATIONS REQUIRED

WILLIAM LYNCH, Administrator

"The seventh annual Playwrights' Conference is to be held in Canberra, 8th to 20th May, now in its final stages of preparation. As in the previous years the Administrator is attempting

the ever more difficult task of raising sufficient money to make the Conference work. This has been made more difficult by cuts in some subsidy support. Private contributions are most anxiously sought no matter how small as how large. Organizations or individuals who might be interested in helping should contact the Administrator (Michael Lynch), ANPC-C/M & L Pty Limited, 49 Durlingham Road, Kings Cross, Telephone 334 3111. Any prospective donor should be aware that donations are tax deductible if paid through the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust."

TRAVELLING PLAYHOUSE

TONY BARKER, Information Officer, UNE.

"Travelling Playhouse is a newly formed professional theatre company based at the University of New England and designed as a touring repertory in being drama to the north-west region of New South Wales. Its formation has been assisted by State and Federal Funding and by the enthusiastic support of the University, the Armidale College of Advanced Education, and the Regional Office of the Department of Education, as well as by drama societies from commercial companies.

Professional actors have been selected and the company is assembling.

At 12.30 pm on Friday 9th March, a Press Conference was held at Elizabeth Bay House, Carlaw Avenue, Elizabeth Bay, to introduce the company and its policies to those members of the press involved in the arts. Elizabeth Bay House was chosen because two performances of a Victorian Secret were held there on the evening of the 9th March for friends of the new company. These performances were sold out and on the following day, two free performances were held at the Senior Cinema.

Patrons to watch the ambitious venture will prove its virtual life blood, as that will help to keep fresh with committed backers — and may, indeed, encourage other more reluctant companies to follow suit."

TOP END ACTION

COLLEEN BEATTIE, Director, The Arts Centre.

"After having been a director for TYER (Theatre Youth and Education) for the Regional and Lecturer in Drama at the Armidale College of Advanced Education, I have been appointed as director of the Northern Territory's TIE Company.

The team has been in existence for four years now and this is the first time it has had a full time director. In the past the director has been on an ad hoc basis with various joint director and ad hoc shows. The company is based at Brown's Hill, The Community Arts Centre.

The company will undertake an autumn

(Continued on page 38)

Ray Stanley's

WHISPERS RUMOURS & FACTS



Indications are that there is likely to be much consternation over the renewed film *Melting in Pentia*, and that certain producers could even boycott it when the theatre finally opens. It seems that as a 1988 season (junk) gallery for 2008, it is likely to be too small for the purposes of some. And by operating that and the Entertainment Centre, TVW are creating too much of a monopoly in the city.

It looks as if *Proth Burbury* will be coming, here to share Deborah Kerr in *The Day After The Fair*. When she appeared in the play in London in 1977 Burbury co-presented it, as well as directing. Hope it is that that Chris Langham is to make a return visit... If Peter Schlemmer does come out for the Melbourne and Sydney Film Festivals, it would be nice if one of the theatre companies took him up to well to honour and give workshop classes for actors.

When David Hennington was in Australia recently, I talked to him about *Arrows*, the London musical he started in four years ago. It had all the elements for a smash hit, preceded by Robert Sigmund, based on the *Arrows* stories by

P.G. Wodehouse, with book and lyrics by Alan Ayckbourn and music by Andrew Lloyd Webber of *Jesse Oliver Supercollider*. The musical was tried out in Bristol, where it played for three and a half hours, which had been whittled down to two hours by the time it reached London. By opening night the whole cast knew it would flop, he had one key line to deliver which explained the whole play and, just as he was about to say it, the whole effect was spoiled by two people in the gallery yelled: "Kubrick! Kubrick!" What David Hennington did not say — and perhaps never knew — was that our own Lewis Flender had turned down the role before it was offered to David. Lewis told me this himself, when out here for *Some Time Next Year*.

Before there could be a steady stream of Australian musicals to guest star at Auckland's Mercury Theatre. Currently it is John Walton, in *Melody 30' Ph 1*. And the news from Wellington's Downstage Theatre, which staged a full-scale production of *Comedie* at the end of last year, is that its 1979 line up includes David Williamson's *The Club* and James Mollie Chan's *No Orphans For Miss Blavatsky* with *Deathtrap* under negotiation. Downstage's artistic director, Anthony Taylor tells me it is the largest theatrical enterprise in New Zealand and wishes that "long since gone are the days when New Zealand was a cultural backwater".

What about Melbourne's 'new look' Festival Hall, with new roof and seating and carpeted walls? Undoubtedly the people of Henry Lawson's birthplace, Gerald are more than disappointed that Tania Lawson show is not scheduled there. Maybe Robin Ranney will take the Lawsonian evening there. Now that Graham Kennedy is a fully forged film star, are we likely

to see him in a stage show soon? Is it something he has long had his eyes upon, and his career surely will not be completed until he has also conquered the field.

Up in Queensland they are aware that that unfortunate apostrophe involved in a car accident recently, resulting in thirty seven people in fact and arms, was really happened briefly for a fact hit! London agent Cyril Foster was in Australia recently, on about his twelfth visit to look at some of the productions and also for the concerns of Don O'Connor whom he manages. Cyril told me he considers the Australian productions of *Amie* and *Discrete* far better than those staged in London. Though the production in *Discrete* gained as it is to the younger people, very clever. Will Peter Myles be playing the Jack Lawrence role in *Thru* when it is produced here?

Ray Lawler's *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* eventually became a trilogy, Alan Seymour's *The One Day of the Year* a TV series, and now it has been after leading, Australian play of a couple of decades back Richard Beynon's *The Shifting Heart* is being adapted into a musical... Some ten years ago Charles Engelbrecht wrote a comedy, set in Australia, in which he had a successful tour around England. Titled *Five, Four Three Two One "Hud"* is now developing, it is a screenplay, having received a grant from the Victorian Film Corporation to do so. He intends to produce and direct it himself... Longtime with David Hennington, I asked him which has he preferred winning that of actor, director or producer? "Producing gives me the most worry", he replied "actors, the most pleasure, but I find directing the most rewarding." He was of course referring to films.

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A DEVIL OF A SHOW

Last month I spent some time and the man crying came inside so far north Queensland, saying how stop children and burning houses on a farm belonging to a well known Australian actress. Although the thriving metropolis of Cairns is not my idea of a holiday resort, the time I spent on the farm and the flying visit to Port Douglas was most enjoyable, so much so that I lost track of time and the hospitality of the friendly Cairns locals who was not at all to support was so overwhelming that I found it impossible to refuse their offer to stay another day.

I flew home on Thursday February 21 to find that I had accepted an invitation to go to the Gala Opening of the Music Hall's new show *Let's Go to the Devil* that evening. However, having just stepped from an aircraft and suffering severely from jet lag (as was done when flying south from Montreal in winter) I was not rebuffed by the idea of a night asleep in a theatre when I could be asleep in my own bed. Fortunately it was the Music Hall an establish ment at which you can be assured of always having a good time — and this night was no exception.

WILEY'S MISAPPROPRIATE

Mr Michael Wiley the internationally successful theatrical promoter from the great West landed the black duck, had a ball and lost records. Well known for his ability to bring to the land of Oz international stars for highly successful musical runs, his last two ventures must have been a little disappointing — to say the least. Mr Wiley booked a tour for Mr Evil Keenwell, the internationally acclaimed dark devil who carries more spare parts than the female women and a world more than her friend. But Mr Keenwell had other plans after viewing *Witches Wages* in NSW he decided it was time to go home, and did. Mr Wiley's next promotion was to be a tour by Mr Luc Librarian but like Evil Keenwell Mr Librarian had other plans and changed his mind at the last minute. I hope Mr Wiley has no plans to open a computerised relaxing organisation.

MOORE IS DARKER AND

Helen Moore will be heading the bands at the Esplanade this month in September Macquarie's Rose playing the backlot barker Sade Thompson. I look forward to seeing this production (plus again I have probably already seen it by the time you read this but I'm sorry I can't tell you what I thought of it).

Miriam Davis, (probably the most well known face in Sydney theatre), who writes for the

Sydney Calendar Magazine sent me the following information about Tallulah Bankhead, one of the Sadies of the past.

"It seems that the great Tallulah was signed to do the London production when she was just a first young actress back in 1925. To be chosen to play Sade Thompson — an aging whore — was a tremendous challenge in the nation year old Tallulah. When she heard that Kenneth Moreham himself was to direct rehearse she shook in her shoes. She sat alone faced throughout without speaking to her own, the specter of it all — she was asked to step down from the role in favour of a more experienced actress. Naturally she was devastated and Kenneth tried to get herself used in the role to prove she could handle it as well as Marlene Dietrich and others.

Seven years later Moreham was heard to admit that not seeing Tallulah in Sade was the greatest professional mistake of his career.

Incidentally when, in 1935, Tallulah finally got to play Sade in a second run at the Strand Theatre in New York, she'd lost her chance for the part. Nevertheless her performance elicited such comments from critics as "Woe Bankhead is the best of all possible Sadies" — (Good Luck Helen).

EXCERPTS

The Day After The Day by Frank Harvey will be opening at the Comedy Theatre, Melbourne in September and then coming to Sydney in October. It will be produced by Paul Dancy and Freddie Gibson (do what you want So Deborah Kerr will play the lead. So what? I agree.)

It seems there is another TV mag in the making too, it will probably be called *TV Guide* and I am told that the first issue will be out soon. I hope that its format will be sufficiently different to the others to enter a large circulation.

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SPOTLIGHT

The Annual Meet

Ron Blair

raises some doubts about the Playwrights' Conference

Australian playwrights need to avoid each other. When they do meet again, or for the first time, it is most likely to be in Canberra in May at the Playwrights' Conference. If they should happen to clash on some other occasion, the small talk over the tea trolley is likely to be about the Conference: should there be one at all? What does it achieve?

The idea came from America. At the Eugene O'Neill Centre in Connecticut a certain number of plays are selected from those submitted and these are workshopped by a professional director and cast and, after a couple of weeks, presented at a rehearsal. Having to an audience of observers many of whom have been attending the Conference, watching how rehearsal work, surely one of the more positive forms of theatre.

It is from these lackless spectators that the Conference raises most of the considerable amount of money it sends on by into Canberra as these active directors and management representatives — not to mention actual playwrights — and then find their stay at Burton Hall on the A.N.U. campus which is now a permanent fixture after the usual rotation camp loses of one of Newstead's "halls of residence".

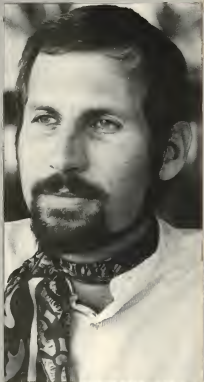
I was on the Script Selection Committee for the Conference in 1972 and I departed in 1977. Last year I observed for a week. Those who have been actively involved in a Playwrights' Conference feel they have survived an ordeal, particularly the actors and directors who all work on any number of plays simultaneously. The great difficulty is that all too often at least one play will have been the work of a paranoid or pathological miscreant who attended to write a review from someone for mutual blackmail but has only managed to finish the last eight pages. For the director stuck with them — or her.

Then there are the observers. They are, for the most part, a patient and long suffering bunch (after Whelan used to get all her knitting done for winter). But when observers are permitted to ask questions in the relaxed zone, the level is often along the line of "Wouldn't it have been better to sell your play in London?" The usual mode whereby the director goes and the actors get their teeth. However, by seven a post.

Ah, laughter!

The chief head of the Conference is that a writer need not change one syllable of his play if he doesn't want to. Here is, in my mind, the one fault.

But the purpose of the thing is to give an unspoiled writer a chance to clean some of the toxic qualities of playwrighting. It won't help a Samuel Beckett ("But Mr Beckett, why a wheel chair?"), but it will give someone who thinks he wrote a play without with some dramatic intention. The difficulty is that the



Ron Blair — Assistant Artistic Director of the South Australian Theatre Company

would be players, it is unfair criticism and the often absolutely wasted by that worded speech is that some which have every one to know. Then you get the famous orators who never anything good in their play completely. Out of existence — those writers who think

In the real world, a play which is not changed or cut at the request of the director, is an outright failure: the author is a losing winner of the Nobel Prize is simply not performed!

Most playwrights have a closer to their contacts about nothing being shared without permission but as Harold Clurman says in *Clurman: The Experienced* written steadily current with suggestions which could change many things. Eugene O'Neill, extremely interested in the integrity of his state, agreed to his director's suggestion, to improve one of his own plays.

Naturally the basis for this is trust and while the writer is the trustee, it's the game owner, the direct operator of putting on a play, is the optimistic. In my own case, if I do not come home every night with a new idea, I only want to know about the progress of the drama -- at least until after the premiere, not before.

The promises of the coming night are supposed to be absent from the *Caribbean*. Nonetheless, the day the play is read the writers will be walking from nerves. There will be an audience after all, and not just any audience. The actors know that, and actors have egg on their faces.

Who are these cracks who gather for the fix, those messiahs who go to Lombard for a weekend just to hear plays read in a makeshift room? Well, actors' agents for a start. Here they're a couple of writers again: a few TV people who've come to run a half-own cheap, colorful garden program who will, incidentally, pass the potential *scripture* and the occasional publisher of plays named at various plays need an audience but don't read.

Figure 1 is a line graph showing the percentage of total energy expenditure (TEE) for different activities over a 24-hour period. The Y-axis is 'Percentage of TEE' (0-100) and the X-axis is 'Time of day' (0-24). The legend indicates: Sleeping (hatched), Sedentary (white), Light (diagonal lines), Moderate (cross-hatch), and Vigorous (solid black). Sleeping is highest at night (~30-40%). Sedentary is highest in the morning (~20-30%). Light activity is highest in the afternoon (~10-20%). Moderate and Vigorous activities are highest in the afternoon and evening (~10-20%).

The order of the plays is, therefore, jumbled so that the new "Most likely to succeed" is considerably a departure into the new era.

When it can be seen by the more "poetic" side that further discovery. When a play is finally read, observers who have gone through the agonies with the water over the past weeks, will take him aside and tell him that he has written a masterpiece and we do let anyone say otherwise. And while most consensus is one, the play was clearly conceived that it is not understood where it has become worse where he might get the play performed to several other cities. The applause and nod of the National Conference finally decides no jury prize. But from showing the writer how a change might have improved his work if he put all else simply confirmed him as he knew. The two had wanted to see the play at its best instead of to have the words be laid against themselves and history.

The Conference has been going on since eight years, then. The opponents is still have many "successes" have come out of the Conference, but how many winners do we now have that we might have otherwise overlooked? Lincoln Howell and Steve J. Sprague were both well known before they had played volleyball. The teams in which Rutherford and Fanning had were good in the National ranking before the Conference accepted the play they were there still as the winners at the Board President. Howland looked lively and tough at the Conference, ending, a team changed all the members and so on. It was no longer what

My own discovery from the 1917 Conference was the work of Hugo Polster. My friendship with him had limited me to a really original talent. He is not going to be really appreciated by being read. It was I and Richard Wherret, workshop of Birmingham that I looked at, and he is a remarkable playwright. Others played the experiment and while Hugo's has picked up his work at Melbourne, I directed *Children in Ashland* for the State Theatre Company. Sydney has sent to see a Polster play. When that happens, I'll be surprised at the audience, more or less.

manages/controls and anger. The most changed will have the something that may happen too, as it did in Atlanta. Some visitors members of the audience will start to

100

When someone goes along in the front, it's not surprising that the musical reaction is one of abhorrence. That's in the main, conservative, of the arts and people usually wish to have the same old thing, not be surprised by their taste being belied, even if these corrections are of the kind that cannot appeal the Third from power. In this country, most of the artists are by and large unburdened with brains if they are, promoting is better to spend these days assuming the stars perform rules set from the 1930s's breakfast table if they are nonconformists.

Only playwright worth discovering will be found provided these are the themes and scenes, but the Commission makes a special point of the country where there is no official theatre. It gives doctors a chance to meet and work with actors from other parts of the country and gives visitors from the less populated states an opportunity to feel they are not completely alone. It's the only taste of the west where it is not a scene of disaster, it is a life.

Of course people say that these Confederates are so stupid and people are so rude. It is a social convention and what matters that people tend to back away at the establishment theme? These people are at home in a town and the Confederates always produce a new movement. In some, these people are so worse behaved than groups of poets or musicians, indeed than any five-year-olds.

■ The Conference is to do its proper job.

Select those plays which will bring in more
a workshop. Too often we make up the
numbers, make due as if Shakespeare has been
overlooked. And if there are no plays worth
doing, then we do none.

Playwrights asked us not to serve by a dinner should do so or be sent home and the reading cancelled.

Don't advertise the plays, explain. Let the audience arrive out of interest and goodwill to see what the play has to say about the world.

Yes, I am in favor of a working contract, period. If all the playwrights are not happy with it, well, that's their problem. I'm not going to talk to them.



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Playwrights' Conference — from Strength to Strength

Reply from MICK BODGER, Artistic Director of the ANPC

Any diving event as successful as the Australian National Flyweight conference has its detractors. Alan Blair is not the first nor will he be the last. He is, however, the most well-informed.

Ron's mornings are often suggested as downpouring rain. For example, as my knowledge (over the last year) has been associated with the Conference on play has been both "pugged" into a more livable person. His picture of the Conference as a transient journey has always been a highly reflective and contrary to everything that such playthings have and to the personally in general the whole vast even more abundant as the end of the Conference than at the beginning.

^aStandardized effect size of a medium or larger is noted.

actors were to be helped by the constant stream of visitors, who correct not in order to participate in the Conference.

Many more people attended the last four days of the Conference than Box indicates. There is always a temporary cross section of the theatre profession present, and the Conference has now become a unique annual opportunity for theatre practitioners in a large country, to put together and explore their problems.

From what I can gather no one found particular resonance in the last overseas guest who visited the Placemakers Conference.

Meanwhile the ANPC goes from strength to strength, and this is demonstrated by the respect and support it receives from leading bodies, their companies and individuals throughout the conference.

Stoppard

Collin O'Brien

Looking up Tom Stoppard's first visit to the anglophone is generally regarded as a coup on the part of Festival of Perth Director, David Henderson. If John Osborne was the name to compare with in the late 1950s, finally, before success turned him into a politician, playwright, publisher, director and Harold Pinter throughout the early years, certainly it has been Stoppard who has provided some of the most provocative and (much played) insights.

Stoppard was given a fairly heavy programme of the two days he was in Perth but proved very amenable. He was very forthcoming about his work, although with a laconic wit and never oversteering. What follows was planned from these interviews to give what I was in a position to do.

What is fascinating about Stoppard's work is the diversity of technique and mode he can bring to the two-fingered as in *Shakespeare and Comedians* and *Dead of the Month*. *Pythagorean* about logic of *The Real Inspector Hound* the barbed detail and verbal fireworks of *Travesties* the imaginative consciousness of the radio plays, especially *Alibi's* *India* and *Arctic* *Encore* a *Shakespeare* the boldness of concepts of the play with an audience *Every Good Boy Deserves Favour* to the expert, highly structured nature of the various play *Professions* *Pool*. In the light of this, I was very impressed in the way he went about his work, whether he worked from a detailed conception of characters or when necessary.

As one might well predict, Stoppard is a playwright who starts out with a rather abstract idea of theme for a play. The toughest aspect of his work, he says, is finding the concrete action characters and scenes to embody the idea — in literary critical terminology T S Eliot's "objective correlative", the action or situation which gives specific focus to otherwise abstract ideas or emotions. Stoppard has a rare gift of finding particularly striking and significant scenes for his ideas, such as the crisis in relation to death play and suicide in *The Real Inspector Hound* or the fact of James Joyce putting on *Ulysses* *Ulysses* *The Importance of Being Earnest* in *Travesties* in 1917 as the action around which he develops the debate on the role of the artist in *Travesties*. Once the initial battle to find a central scene Stoppard does not enter work in literary form — like Alan Ayckbourn who starts up the talk first thing, then often finds the action, such as *Alibi* *Arctic* *Encore* then works through on characters and on for right on the dialogue — see also he work increasingly clearly. He is a meticulous researcher and writer working towards greater clarity and elegance of expression.



It is interesting to note that in this and in himself as a good director of character he claims that all his characters and his constant structure that without the scene against the speech one would be lost, given a much of his work is known who is speaking.

He confirmed my view that he is not a writer of "message" plays but aims to construct a dialogue, at points the different points of view as strongly as possible. As an example he quoted the appearance for art as an essential scene which he gave *Travesties* to *Travesties* Stoppard remarked that he seriously did not personally agree with such a stand but confirmed that the more persuasive he was. Then the more he could see his part of now I would suggest that the constant dialogue on Stoppard's part makes his intention. He seems mostly aware of the inherent ambiguity and uncertainty which underlies most moral questions and this is of course reflected in both the level of debate and the constant shifting verbal gymnastics he uses as a director.

Without the least hint of late modernity Stoppard is now, truly on the subject of his own

question, or with the reading or done in preparation for a play "what I laughingly call research" (He left school and went into journalism at university and so I think both the academic and literary qualifications which some current academics bring to his plays anyway and a little uncomfortable. One of his "public" tasks for now is being to cover up the elements of his knowledge of some of the material he quotes in his plays. He does as a way and whatever the nature of literary education one can only admire the importance of observation of the academic world Stoppard reveals in *Professions* *Pool*. It would be nice to be able to put a line in his long association with Oxford but not.

At all, Stoppard's visit proved to be the highlight of this year's Festival, as it was planned to be. Amongst comedy and never talking down to his audience he commanded both respect and popularity. His informal lunch and dinner at the Festival Club drew over a thousand people. It was a rare and welcome opportunity to meet and come to understand one of the most serious of playwrights working today.

Prospect's Grand Tour

JANE McCULLOUGH and DON FRASER in interview with Theatre Australia.

Prospect Theatre Company, the foremost touring company of the UK, are in the midst of a six week overseas tour which takes them from Hong Kong to the Perth Festival and from there in speedy succession through Melbourne, Adelaide, Sydney and Canberra. The fare they are presenting is three "masterpieces", borrowings on the subject of Lord Byron, the Romantic literary Smith, and the Grand Tour — that English pastime of the 18th and 19th centuries.

The four actors (Derek Jacobi, Iain Blair, Julian Glover and Timothy West) arranged at a semi-circle of chairs — the format is changed nightly — perform a series of readings, quotations or speeches from their hand-held scripts, a format that is reminiscent of the BBC's *Hollow Crown*. But the watercooler of the piece Jane McCullough denies strongly that they are akin at all "I hadn't even seen *The Hollow Crown* when I wrote *The Grand Tour* — which is the closest — but with Smith and Byron I've broken away from that ritual format. I think they're pieces of theatre that stand on their own. In fact we're in a transitional stage at the moment, eventually the critical character will drop the book entirely and make a full representation. So Byron will have the blank eye, and Derek can return to a lamp." Indeed, already Jacobi wears the extensive wig, and Timothy West as Smith and Julian Glover as Rowland are close to full dress and manner annotations.

Jane McCullough and her collaborator, composer Donald Fraser, have planned twelve in the series. The next three will be composed in contrast to the extravaganza treatment of Ken Russell, Beethoven Mozart and Elgar. The future will cover his work in theatre and opera, but Beethoven will be treated as the man. "No one has given him the kind of exposure yet," explains Don Fraser, "they're all shied away from him so far." But the actor to portray this difficult character has yet to be decided upon — "no one springs to mind."

The Grand Tour was actually commissioned for the Edinburgh Festival but following that the choice of subject have been Jane and Derek, Byron because "he's an obvious choice, and seeing Derek play Hamlet, well Byron's the other role he has to play." But Sidney Smith is Jane McCullough's "most private delight, because my father (Sir Joseph McCullough) is the modern Smith. He turned down a bishopric in Johannesburg, and all they could do was get



Jane McCullough



Derek Jacobi



Timothy West



Iain Blair



Julian Glover

from a bombed church, St Mary Le Bow (at New Bell's Lane). To everyone's amazement he went on to include their record through money not only to rebuild the church, but to build himself a garret room on the top of it. And of course, Thomas (West) put his own part in."

McCullough and Fraser's collaboration has developed during their work together, and they think they have now reached the right working method. Fraser was not in on the completion of *The Good Year* and music is not original, although he has since been engaged in "With Smith of Smith, Jane wrote it and then came to me with the paper she would fill in by music that with lyrics you put together with all the pieces of the puzzle fit, and the whole thing is completely original. What I wrote was the score for a (radio/television) play."

"Although the area is made up of parts, classical guitar and French horn, I have gone for a contemporary feel to the music so that parallel can be drawn with today. The music is in an extent a bridge between the writings and the audience, and what I have done is used a later, 19th century, almost turn of the century, sound, because that had a more appropriately human, open feel to it."

However, winifactory the method of collaboration, Jane McCullough says: "I regret with the length of time the preliminary research takes that she could not as Fraser suggested, get someone else to do it because it is the discovery of the little things that build to make the whole character. The minutiae, the conversation about grace in *Smith of Smith*. It just happened to find the open about Miss Marlowe and the old running down, which was written in the middle of his life and then another moment of glory when he was quite old. What a misadventure but I think it was essential."

Directly the company returns to England they will be making soundings of the three shows — a money question that Prospect is in the need of at the moment. Prospect started off as just a touring company, but with their growing success started looking for a London base, and when the National Theatre started out of the Old Vic, Prospect moved in. But the financial problems attached to maintaining a large theatre and especially one that is in need of repair are getting all the more. With outside aid funding that the British Arts Council are making "Toby Robertson" is going round London with a "bagging band" that McCullough is married to Prospect director Toby Robertson, who directed the *Year and Love's Labour's Lost* which came to Australia, and from which you "see have a halfway stable in our box, as it got no reward here for last play of the year."

Prospect is one of the last touring companies the Arts Council has left intact because of its high reputation but "anyone can do it and it will. The Vic will never be allowed to die, but it will. The National publishes up all the money and the Old Vic possibly the most famous theatre in the world is just being left to fall to bits."

LETTERS

Dear Sir,

In the recent reference to my television series, *A Place in the World*, you seem to imply that the work was the result of a progressive commission from the ABC. This is not the case, rather it was made by progressive speculation.

I wrote the first three plays with no more than a whisp of encouragement and sold them on delivery, I wrote the fourth and fifth plays with rather greater encouragement, and the sixth with encouragement clear to planting in my own, but still no commission.

I believe this point is worth making since it proves that "original drama on television need not be a euphemism for work commissioned from the established battery of television writers, but can, at least in the case of the ABC, retain a genuinely open market."

One of my hopes for the series is that irrespective of response, some of our better writers may at last take it as evidence of the fact that television will look at individual drama and a "drama of ideas" in that, and will be encouraged to turn their attention to the challenging medium which often seems to be potentially too academic.

The understanding that *A Place in the World* is an entirely original idea of my own, which was not dependent on a prior commission from the ABC, and which was not tempered with by that organisation, may reinforce that response.

Yours sincerely,
Michael Carr
Coltville, NSW

Dear Sir,

A word from the Top End to let you know that Theatre is alive and prospering in the local realm of the tropics.

I have recently taken over as Artistic Director of the Darwin Theatre Group for an initial appointment of one year, thanks to financial assistance from the Theatre Board of the Australian Council.

This year the Group a twenty year old Over the years it has built up a formidable reputation as a community performing group. In the past ten years alone the company has presented five works by Shakespeare, a Brecht, a Beckett, plays by Stoppard, Bolt, O'neill and others as well as several locally written shows and a handful of Australian plays. The Group has mainly performed in its home base, the wonderful old colonial building known as Brown's Mart but has been just as prepared to work the local pubs, the Anglican Cathedral, the airport and the Botanical Park.

The Group's activities is towards a theatre rich in ideas and humour, ranging in action and

direct to its involvement with the community. This tradition will continue to foster in 1979.

A number of key people have given a powerful thrust to the artistic achievements of the Group namely Directors like Ray Gonsky, Bryan Nason, Ron Riddingsham, Simon Heykinson, Terence Clarke and Nigel Trotter.

At present the Group are working strongly towards establishing an ensemble which will provide the basis for setting up a regional company. Simultaneously, the city leaders are involved with the planning of a community centre to contain a theatre for entertainment systems. Hopefully it will not be too long before effectively accommodate the creative work of the local regional company.

The first "package deal" of these plays is currently under rehearsal. We open with *Onion's War* the *Stellar Line* followed by *Patric's Old Times* and *Jennifer Chapman's Crumple*. These are then going to be *Maclure's* and *George Ryga's The History of Mrs. Air* and a few more ventures besides.

The future prospects for performance in the Territory are challenging and easy. Apart from work in Darwin there is also one person need to look the outlook, the plants and to make contact with the many small communities in the Territory and performing space. Already in Darwin there is based the NT THEATRE TROUPE — one of the oldest touring professional theatre in education since its inception in Australia. At present five touring performers are employed under the leadership of Bronson, Gordon Hunter, former Director of TYER (Theatre of Youth and Education in the Republic). A three season tour between the Group and the TROUPE Team an educational and performance work.

Yours sincerely,
Robert Koster
Artistic Director, Darwin Theatre Group

Dear Sir,

TOWNSVILLE REPORT — THE SUMMERSTOCK PROGRAMME

As outlined in the November issue of T.A. the Summerstock Programme aims at fostering and developing "local talent" if and when a professional company is established here. As a touring company based in Townsville, it is hoped some local misanthropes are: will be ready for a rebuff. However, it is anticipated that usually such a company would principally be composed of professional personnel, "imported" from the north.

In the interim, the Summerstock Programme has engaged in the following activities:

(Continued on page 92)



PETER BATEY, DIRECTOR
ON

REG LIVERMORE'S SINGULAR BURLESQUES



"Thank God we've all got our imagination..."



▲ Reg as Phil the Pul

▼ Reg does a lip-synge. Photo: Chris Larnache



Way back in the early '60s, during a stint at the Melbourne Theatre Company, Reg, unknowingly, prophesied the future, with the wish of a dreamer — "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have our own theatre one day?"

Just prior to the opening of *Secret Cow* he reminded me of that discussion — "Remember" he said. "I suppose we can say now that we do have our own theatre." Not words and notes, but all that he would compare up and allowed to be created and delivered in a most personal and individual style.

However the realisation of that dream has not been the result of planning, or knowing

ambition. Not even when first Dave originally introduced the idea of a one-man show — in late 2004, was it considered that five years later Reg Livymore would be attempting and achieving yet another of his ambitions?

And from the very beginning that is what we have set out to do — to make a theatrical event as far removed from the sort of theatre where you go to observe the gothic in the hotel and your chocolate and probably go to sleep. We wanted to relate to the 'theatre on the road', in the language of 'the man in the street', to entertain a broad cross-section of an occasional and occasional level that might lead them into unknown areas. But above all we wanted to entertain them.

The process has been, and continues to be, unique and liberating.

Peter Bat

REG LIVY SINGULAR

Reg's talent as a performer had been apparent for years. What was unknown was his deep empathy of the human condition, and his ability to transfer that from his imagination, to prose, and eventually into flesh and blood — not only as a series of up to nature, but more akin to looking through the lens of a microscope, converting joy into a measured explosion and pain into the deepest calmness.

Another large set, and one that is usually overlooked by the critics, has been his imagination as a designer of both sets and costumes, the latter being as colourful as the protagonists he portrays. So his all their productions have usually entailed a "showing" (bring — the most atmosphere of *Dirty Dick* *Boys* *Flower*). The *Cosmos de Paradis* Vegas, look of *Wonderwoman*, and the side show they had of *Secret Cow*. Always an atmosphere of total glowing light, colour and paint — a world of 'make believe'.

His energy, strength, and conviction has never ceased to be amazing, but I suppose none so in this country where, in my mind, there seems to be a prevailing sense of complacency, if not downright laziness on the part of many performers.

In tracing the history and success of Reg's Shows there is a major point that must not be overlooked, and one that is fairly unique in itself. From the very outset our Producer has given us an unlimited budget without a trace of interference in the proceedings. This has meant the most extraordinary access freedom for the experiential process — anything a possible imagination can conceive are finally fixed and then a few hand is kept on the final editing, the main point being no restrictions to get to the stage.

It must be also remembered that the productions which cost us in excess of \$100,000 each before opening night, are mounted by private investment and therefore destined to be a success. Not a sliver of public money is involved — those investors that unconsciously felt the need for total success, because you know as well as that you are comfortably in a losing position. I often wonder when and if, the example manifested by such belief in the all Australian woman at such a major level from the private sector will become the norm.

Imagine, therefore, the vital situation in which we found ourselves. (The 'we' is important — it comes the team, the 'Family'. They are the Heads of Departments —

Director, on

ARMORE'S BURLESQUES

musicians, stage management, technician, etc., who have been with Reg from the very beginning, chosen not only because of their professional efficiency but because of their own individual creative spirit, and, at that stage unspoken, understanding of the profession.)

We set out to create an original full-scale theatrical production centered around the talents of one performer, having in mind many of the elements of the variety theater combined with the emotional impact of other forms of theater.

Naturally, Reg as writer and creator is the major emphasis of the end result, but such is the relationship between him and the rest of the team that ideas and suggestions spring from everywhere and are accepted or rejected on their merits.

Quite often people are surprised that a one-man show requires a director. Perhaps that would apply to a performance by a stand-up comic, or readings from the classics on a bare stage. Reg's shows are the equivalent of a full-scale musical production packed with a variety of characters.

The approach, then, and the demand, is similar to that of any large production, the difference being that there is only one actor or comic on the stage. This, in itself, poses the problems of retaining interest at all times, and of what to do when the performer is off-stage. Hence the devices of film, projected visual effects, recorded messages, musical tracks — all methods of keeping the eye and the ear interested and alert continuously and to surprise as Reg appears as yet another character.

Crucial, too, is all important is the overall organization of the production. Not only the content of the characters, but of their points of view — laugh at their idiosyncrasies at a glance, and then hold your breath during the song that may follow as the finger is pointed at you, and you realize your own attitudes. This delicate balance often makes it difficult to make cuts when we have reached performance level.

One of the most interesting aspects of all these productions has been the evolution of the major statements, the music and songs, that Reg knows as well as at the end of the performance. It is fairly amazing that they come through as all which you consider that the fabric is just a collection of songs and film-image studies.

During the initial stages of creation (there is no set or result). For instance, Reg's only comment on looking at the finished script of *Seven Day Cowboy*, "Well, I wonder what this one is all about?"



▲ Reg as stewardess Patricia Mason on *Disco Inferno*.

▼ Reg and the police track underlings, *Phantom Cowboy*, Lantieri.



In old and in all about people — the way we feel and the way we think. It's also about people as a theater, and what happens to them while they are there. For they are as much the participants as Reg. The way they react evokes a counter reaction and so the performance lives. For although there is a set pattern each act is to guide them along the way, the territory starts elude with the amalgamation of the audience with a white-faced actor who they are prepared to accept as male, female, neuter, or even animal, if needs be.

A few people don't get on the wave length at all, some have outraged or possibly bored, and others through their own small mindsets see the platform as an area that should only present their point of view — like the performance of *Betty Blue*, *Buster Follies*, at the Adelaide

Festival where two audience members literally dragged Rex from the stage into the aisle for their own parodies (a-nd) of combination. (How often has that happened in a theatre in Australia?) Or even like the major business newspaper who refused to send a critic to review *Betty Blue*, *Buster Follies* because they did not serve "drug shows."

Compromise has never been the name of the game — originality and individuality, coupled with a desire to entertain, are the overriding forces. Put them together with an extraordinary talent, a team of professionals and thousands of receptive people as a platform of "make believe", and I suppose you could say that we have all made our own theatre.

Or to paraphrase the final line of *Sacred Cow* — "Thank God we've all got our imagination!"

She's a great woman and representative of all women, but she reflects what was going on about as a woman even toward my Uncle's women like Denise de Bono and Doris Lessing (she has not created the whole of society in her writing, but one character living through a very difficult experience in very unusual times. Above all, she has created herself).

The late Professor Lee Turner, Monash University

Dorothy Hewitt has lived on the edge of public outrage all her life. While still a student at an elite private girls' school in Perth she went walking the long grass by the river with a rough working class lover to whom she read *Wuthering Heights* to make him understand 'spiritual love'; she won a national poetry prize at nineteen, tried to commit suicide when her lover abandoned her, determined to become an



Dorothy in China, 1952. "She assumed the role of a hard-boiled angry young woman — a sort of female version of an Australian Masculinity."

(Patrick O'Brien, *The Australian*)



KRISTIN GREEN

DOROTHY

A CENSORED LOOK AT

Australia has no uniform defamation laws. Which means it has been seized on by politicians and bookmakers alike for greasy profit. The defences available to a writer vary from state to state and the law allows a plaintiff to sue a publisher without even involving the writer.

Publishers must balance their commercial interests against freedom of speech and not surprisingly will often cave in before a determined litigant. This presents a Catch-22 situation to the

writer as great as Sarah Bernhardt but joined the Communist Party, caused a schism in the relative morality of the Party with her sexual liaisons.

She married a Perth lawyer then ran away and left him with their baby, lived with a Communist bookmaker and had three more out of wedlock, worked as barwoman, involved as a Communist Party delegate to Russia and China, gave fiery speeches at Sydney's Domain, narrowly escaped going to prison over the Communist Party Dissolution Bill, gave evidence at the Fraser enquiry, successfully opposed her creative writing tape for many years because the believed this was the closest proletarian thing to do, then fired back into writing, picking up the threads of middle class disillusion and becoming a controversial and very public literary figure.

Last year I wrote an MA Project (now for the history department at La Trobe University) entitled *Dorothy Hewitt — A Revolutionary Feminist*. It was a biography, constructed from two sources — the public one, which included her plays, poetry, novel and the critical articles about her and the private source, made up of narrative material such as diaries, letters and

typed interviews, both with Dorothy and her friends and mine.

I was concerned with what were Dorothy Hewitt was representative of the kind of life lived by middle class intellectual women of her time (1923-74) and how that was reflected in her poetry and plays rather than whether or not they were good poems and plays.

In February I was invited by the Fellowship of West Australian Writers to take some workshops at their Writers Week just at the 100th anniversary celebrations in Perth. Because Dorothy Hewitt had been commissioned to write a new play for the anniversary, I thought it might be useful to give a paper on her as well. This offer was enthusiastically accepted and I was sent a program which included my 100th birthday.

But when I arrived in Perth the lecture was no longer on the timetable. The Fellowship of West Australian Writers had unhelpfully they and decided that the subject was too risky. It was cold. I thought I'm they unashamedly handed me a copy of the constitution of their organization which listed as one of its objects "To defend culture in Australia against censorship and all other attempts to restrict that intellectual free speech and free interchange of ideas which have hitherto characterized our Australian Democracy".

Personal reaction to Hewitt's work is certainly rampant in the west. At least two of her plays are not available for sale. As a result of High Court action one poem has been banned across Australia. And anyone who championed her either as a writer or a person is branded a scoundrel. Rumours are that indirect political pressure has been brought on the State Theatre Company to prevent her latest play from being performed (*Peter Ward, The Australian* 26 Feb 1979).

At a noisy party someone asked up to me as if he were engaged in a respectable and tasteful act of eavesdropping and whispered, "There are some of us who support her over here. We want to make a tea set, but will we get support in the East?"

A little later an academic confided "It's

HEWETT

REVOLUTIONARY ROMANTIC

serious writer. There is no apparatus to 'clear' a work before publication as in Eastern Europe. Despite her time in the Communist Party I doubt whether Dorothy Hewett would want that. So the writer publishes and waits for the writs to fly. Then comes the importance that the legal system alone can induce.

Dorothy Hewett has been a victim of the defamation laws, and the inhibitions that they create were demonstrated to Kristin Green at the Perth Festival.

and trying to teach her work when you're not sure which of the writing laws in front of you is a trap for some far too liberal case."

There have been several defamations actions against Dorothy, her publishers and biographers recently, either because they have quoted "infamous" lines of Dorothy Hewett's work as literary criticism or reproduced them in some other way. One of the actions threatened was against the writer of a brief biography who had stated that Dorothy "separated from her husband Lloyd Davies". Evidently she should have said that Dorothy left him. Separation implies that he agreed to it.

When at a formal lunch for the poets at Writers Week, I was, I admit, too discreetly restrained as an expert in Dorothy Hewett as male women closed in through the car park shouting abuse about writers who went away and left their hometowns and still expected to get all the benefits when there were so many talented writers who weren't women and got no recognition at all.

I began to feel that certain misconceptions about Dorothy Hewett needed to be clarified. I didn't, as a matter of principle, feel like abandoning the lecture completely, particularly as lots of people taking the workshops had shown interest in hearing it. The Fellowship agreed to hold a session for meeting in which both I and Lloyd Davies would be invited so that we could discuss the possibility of a group on after all. I felt optimistic about the meeting because he looked a cheerful enough fellow. Though I believe he had talked a bit stressed when my husband, meeting him for the first time at the opening of Writers Week, had used by way of polite conversation "I believe that my wife is to give a lecture on just as well."

The result of the meeting was that the lecture would go on, I agreed not to mention anything that might be interpreted as an attack on Lloyd Davies' privacy and he agreed not to serve any wine on the Fellowship of West Australian Writers (of which he is a member). We parted amicably. He even gave me a drink of real water from his hot tap.

But delivering the paper was not quite the

pleasant experience I anticipated. In fact it was a distressing ordeal. In the first row sat Lloyd Davies and his wife. During the whole hour of the lecture they were engaged in either taking minutes, notes, talking and/or occasionally laughing.

As someone at the audience commented later, "It wouldn't have been intended at the first." But there is such widespread antagonism against Dorothy Hewett in Perth that the chairman sitting beside me apparently didn't feel pained in asking them to stop.

I cut toward of the paper, partly because there didn't seem any point in revealing the critical but rather positive conclusions I'd come to, as the fact of such apparent scepticism, and partly because I felt too choked with rage and disappointment to reveal them anyway.

I was grateful for the people who came up to me afterwards and said how much they'd enjoyed it, despite the distractions, and how they wished they'd known things like that about Dorothy Hewett years ago. Given all this, however, the degree of hostility towards her in Perth is astounding. Even in one week I met a number of people who had neither met Dorothy nor read anything she had written, but who regarded her

as something of an enemy. Certainly, she has some good friends in Perth but they are not, apparently, as influential as the enemies.

All this could be dismissed as unimportant if it wasn't for the fact that Dorothy Hewett—who is regarded as one of the most interesting women writers in Australia today, is being subtly ostracised into oblivion in Western Australia and quite seriously threatened in other states.

When I talked in Lloyd Davies at some length before giving the paper in Perth I agreed with him that Dorothy's poem "Unwashed Gaze" was unfair. She herself says that even though, as an artist, she felt she had to write it she should not perhaps have published it.

This poem has been settled and Dorothy has paid for it.

It is the continuation of the apparent activity

(Continued on page 20)



Dorothy Hewett 1984. "You were my golden, You were your face like shining armour, but you were the Unwashed Gaze I've come to love you fully. Repeat after me, I believe in Marxist Leninism." D. Hewett. *The Chapel Perilous*



Dorothy Hewett at home in Perth with her three sons, Michael, Tom and Jon. 1989. "I stand with the Party with all its imperfections, as mistakes, as literary known failings, because I believe that in this Party is lodged the hope of mankind — and the place I feel I can struggle best in is the field of human art."

Letter from D. Hewett to Stephen Murray Smith, 15 July 1988

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Emerald Hill Theatre

Before the days of heavily subsidised theatre, there existed in Melbourne a theatre which managed, in a hand-to-mouth fashion, to operate over the 1962-66 period. The brainchild of Wal Cherry, it was just a few years too early on the scene to be eligible for handouts.

Wal Cherry, at an undergraduate at Melbourne University, had acted in and directed university plays and supported John Sumner enough to enable him to pass drama with the Union Theatre Repertory Company (now the Melbourne Theatre Company). Sumner left as head of the UTRC to work for the Australian Elizabethan Theatre Trust in Sydney, and for a year was replaced by Ray Lawler. Then both became involved with the *Australia* and international-wide tours of *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, and Cherry took over the reins of the UTRC in February 1966.

For three years Cherry was in charge of the UTRC, frequently speaking of continuity, and by the end of 1968 the company was very much in the end. The Trust agreed to underwrite the losses but had down certain rules, one being that Sumner return to his old job and simultaneously run the Trust's activities in Victoria.

I got to know Cherry very well just after he left the UTRC, when he was full of plans to start his own ensemble theatre company. There were many occasions when he discussed his ideas with me at great length, at the time one felt they were merely pipe dreams. The first of such a company was to be the four actors in the Trust considered the best in Australia, George Whaley, Kevin Miles, Ron Graham and Ron Holdbrook. Whaley joined his venture right from the start, and Miles came in for one production at a much later date. But Cherry never did get the other two.

Early in 1969 Cherry formed what was called The Melbourne Theatre Workshop and Actors Studio. Subsequent blurb for it said it was founded "to provide a capital for professional actors, or people who intended to become professional actors, to experiment in every aspect of their art as possible. Sessions based upon the Stanislavskian method, as well as more modern developments, are given weekly; plays are kept constantly in rehearsal and the physical sciences of the theatre include juggling, fencing, modern and classical dance and period dance and movement."

Lacking a permanent venue, and calling his group Theatre 60, as an interim measure Cherry took over the National Theatre at Esplanade Hill from August 26 1960 for a three weeks' season. Dramatic changes were made to the auditorium in order to present two fresh plays in the round —

Booth's *At Flat Flat* and O'Casey's *Shadow of*



Death of a Salesman

a Gunmen. The curtain was drawn from the theatre workshop and actors' studio and included Fay Kelson, Mark Alabon and David James. But it was George Whaley who stood out — as he frequently was to do later — as the scruffy, tired and weary Mr Kowalski in the broken pipes and afterwards in O'Casey's young rebel part. It was a credit to his long career.

Late November and no longer in the round, came Theatre 60's next production, the late at Russell Street. This was Arthur Schnitzler's *La Ronde*, and the cast included Alabon, David Mitchell and Karl Laubacher, with Whaley as stage manager. Closely following the Russian



Rings in the Road

French film, there were several well-dressed scenes, but ultimately it was an evening of reform. The best entertainment came from three songs rendering a belated specialty written by Cherry to link such ideas.

After a fortnight the play was withdrawn and replaced by a revival of *At Flat Flat*. But this time coupled with Kopp's *Last Tape*, performed and produced by Peter O'Shea's group.

Cherry's plans to form his own company seem not to have been widely known around Australia. Visiting Sydney and talking to Bryan Gordon, he informed me he intended transferring me as a duplicating job to a theatre company in Melbourne, which he considered there to be a better city financially. On hearing of Cherry's plans Gordon immediately changed his mind, saying he had too much admiration for Cherry to allow any competition.

At last, early in 1961, an 87-year-old building to house the company was obtained in Dorcas Street, South Melbourne. The entire construction of the theatre was carried out by members of the company, not least Cherry himself. I can recall one hot summer's day towards the end of 1961 going to inspect the exterior. Finding Cherry there alone, sitting wood for the stage.

The end result was one of the most comfortable and elegant little theatres one has known. With hard seating every member of the 120-strong audience could sit within 10 feet of the stage. A flexible theatre, it was designed for both proscenium and large open staging, and incorporated a revolving stage. The colour scheme throughout was in neutral tones.

Reasons for the theatre and company were given as: (1) to house an ensemble of actors who used to work together towards a total and coherent style; (2) to present exciting and challenging theatre for audiences who like to see real people on the stage; (3) to give Australian playwrights the opportunity of developing plays, through improvisation and collaboration with professional actors and producers; and (4) to provide a small centre for a variety of activities, which would not otherwise be presented by theatre organisations with large overhead costs.

Opening production on 16 March 1962 was an ambitious affair — a full-scale Australian musical no less. *Not With Your Face*! That was written by Bill Hareman with music by Lynne Hareman (now HSV 7's music boss), and lyrics

TA Retrospective

to songs were provided by Hanna, Cherry and Hutchinson. The cast numbered 28, headed by Whaley as a fast-talking English confidence trickster, with Cherry of course directing. The action was set in a St Kilda apartment flat, from which a night-gal racket operated, a also highlighted the capricious mood. Australians have to migrants. Although in rehearsal for over nine months, and undergoing much re-writing, it was not good. Many of the cast were inexperienced students at the Slade and the professionals in the company were not at their best singing and dancing. It ran for 14 performances.

Two months later came *Melrose: The Would Be Gentleman* which had been in rehearsal a year and resulted in 40 performances. Again the experience of most of the performers showed up, it was not Melrose, most seemed to play in different keys and styles, and a limited story.

July saw the Australian premiere of John Osborne's *Lookin' Cherry's* production combined some impressive effects and was laudatory in having a powerful performance from Whaley in the title role, but elsewhere acting was not notably strong. It marked the debut with the company of Terence Donovan — playing Page Lee X. Poorly attended only 23 performances were chalked up.

The Elmsford Hills strongest impact yet was made in September with Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. Whaley played Loman, Patricia Kennedy joined the company to portray his wife and Peter Adams and Terry Donovan were Bill and Happy respectively.

With *Midnight*, *The Quarry* follow the company seemed to be getting into its stride. There was another notable performance from Whaley as an old lag, Donovan and James were again in the company, and newcomers included David Kendall and John Pinner. But it did poorly at the box office.

1967's final production, *Wilder's The Misbehaviour* again did poor business, despite a stylish production. The script playing the title role was too lightweight, but Maria Skladan made an unusual playing the mother, and Whaley was Corcoran and Kendall literary.

The 1968 season opened in March with *When The Devilgarden Comes*, a new play by Melbourne writer Robert Aron which had won the Sydney *Journalists' Club* playwrighting competition, but in performance seemed more confusing, but in a small Chinese Town in 1949, it had a group of White Russians awaiting the coming of the Red Army and plotting the assassination of Stalin. It was not particularly well performed although the cast included John Pinner, Lloyd Cunningham, Kendall, Stewart Waller, Donovan, Dave Klongberg and in the role of Wang Po Te, Barry Deane.

Salmon in fact was now doing publicity for the company, in choice he later performed for the MFL, and it was he who conceived the idea of presenting a last supper show on Friday nights at the theatre entitled *The Deluded Remembered*, directed to suicide role as seen through the eyes of



The Would Be Gentleman — Melrose

vicarious character Delaville along with Myrtle Roberts. It was both interesting and entertaining.

Get On A War The Ring, in the May, was merely notable in that it brought Terry Donovan to the fore in the role of Black A. Well known 'variety' lads was to have played Big Mama, but pulled out at the last moment and the play centred with her understudy, far too young for the role. Playing one of the children in the production was Aaron Noone, who was a member of Cherry's Slade.

Then the EHFC came up with its almost derelict production set *Albee's The Zoo Story* and *Max Frisch's The Fire Raisers* both directed by George Whaley. Whaley himself gave an unusually subtle performance as the maniac Jerry in the former play. The Frisch piece showed up the weaknesses in the company — particularly bad tone keeping in chorus speaking — but at the same time proved to be gripping theatre. Again Donovan was outstanding and a number of people started to sit up at his performance. However, such was impact at the box office, there were only 12 performances.

In October came another Australian play — John Heynolds's *The Last of the Rainbows* which had won first prize in a local play competition in 1962 to secure an appeal for funds for the Future Victorian Arts Centre. The set was not an old Melbourne pub where a wild assortment of teenagers gathered to drink,



You'll Come To Love Your Spies Best

forensic, ritual, around and play mystery games, choruses updated a perfect, previous. Mind was, delirious from various philosophers and (4-year old) and (At the time I thought it a fairly late play, but passionately it received superb singing at the hands of Cherry with outstanding performance from Aaron and Donovan.

The year's final attraction was *Billy Dee*, directed by Whaley, with another stand-out performance from Donovan in the title role and John Deane making his first appearance with the group.

1968 was a brighter year all round for the EHFC. First up in April were *September's* Antigone playing alternate weeks with that of *Amadeus* (the 11 performances — and to full house). Terry Noone was a last Great in both productions, with Gerda Neelson in *September's* Antigone and Patricia in the *Amadeus*. Cherry directed the *September's* and Whaley directed and played *Chorus* in the *Amadeus*.

June saw one of the company's best all round efforts — *Samson's The Kites* directed by Cherry with Whaley as Samson and Gerda Neelson as Daisy. This was followed by a revival of *Death of a Salesman* which played for 14 performances to full houses, with Whaley repeating his performance as Loman, Terry Aldred now his wife and Deane and Aaron Noone to Bill and Happy.

Next came a beautifully conceived production of *John Arden's Sephora Magistrate's* (June) the action was in Australia during the early stages of settlement and the cast had the benefit of working with both Whaley was Magistrate and others in the cast were Deane, Valerie, Albee, Pinner and Gerda Neelson. Unfortunately it did not attract the public and only lasted nine performances.

In November the EHFC branched out, quite successfully, with lunchtime theatre at the Curzon Cinema (now Anshel) in the city. The plays staged were a revival of *Albee's Zoo Story* and Pinner's *The Death Wish*.

1969 began in February with a workmanlike production of *Michael Whaley* was Michael but one of his best performances and Malcolm Buxton, Lily Macbeth. Deane was Michael, Albee played Michael and Noone was Pinner and an old man.

With John Arden's *You'll Come To Love Your Spies Best* directed and Scripted by Whaley, the company this was trouble with the dates only refused to carry on for the play because of a strike. Eventually only were taken for a production of *You'll Come To Love Your Spies Best*, directed by George Whaley. Although critics from the Slade attended the first night, no review appeared. One weekly did review the play passing in last night to stand on the title, referring to it as "John Arden's goodie show". The production was in the form of a medical certificate "concerning the death of modern playwrighting" in part of four scenes of Michael Buxton, Pinner, Gerda Neelson and Deane.
(Continued on page 40)

Another plus was the casting of the lead, I presume by director John Bell. His daffily limited the clumsiest bit of unnecessary plot and crossed some of the verbal artifices. The set design also made good use of the Opera's thrust stage, especially considering it all had to be planned from Sydney: the use of a large wall straight upstage makes, with windows and doors as required, allowed for rapid entry and exit without the huge long runs which can mar performances in this theatre. Also good casting the actors were Peter Collingwood's Capulet, Anna Voulas's Lady Capulet, Matthew O'Sullivan's rich young Prince and a fine small part, John McWilliam as Friar.

It's when we come to the other actors that we strike trouble. I found the odd Italian perspective accents for the various acceptable deliveries from Mark Adick, but for Dave Fitzgibbon's potentially good Mercutio a mistake. No other major role went for the accent, so that confined to Mercutio it was out of kilter with the

other players, and it got in the road of the role's verbal brilliance.

The playing of the young men about Verona generally was marred by a slyphone device I had thought we had passed from Australian Shakespearean playing: although it was alive and well on the scene, what I most think of is the Norman Conquest handling of imagery. What a civilities is underwriting the imagery by deconstructing it with gestures as you deliver. Friar's entrance, "Thy eyes in Heaven..." would involve first pointing at your eye, then at the roof. Sexual imagery is accompanied by much holding of Code. (Byronicism of Compensations and Throwing of Firearms. It prevents the laughs, but it also slows down the action too much, breaks up both the patterns of imagery and dramatic development. It is finally irritatingly condescending, as it assumes that the audience cannot understand the play without all the moral pointing up of the text.

I was also unhappy with the conception of the

role of Romeo. He was such a young fellow, a romantic youth that we could not seriously believe in the (stagnant) sexual themes common that "passion leads them power". He played far and far more like a boy in the balcony scene; by such means as a nervous look around on "let them find out here") so that not only the lyrics were lost but Juliet had nothing to work on, which I think had much to do with Miss Pender's early difficulties.

Although there was much discontent in the production — a quick word of approval for Kristian Frederiksen's costume design, especially for the Red scene — and I liked aspects of the production more than others than at the time, it was a shame to see what I find every season to hope would be a fine production for one of Australia's leading companies, just not come off. But the fault can not necessarily and as the play spread here on tour (never a happy way to launch a play) it may be done enjoyably by the time it comes to Sydney.



Derek Jacobs, Prospect Theatre Company

A bit of a disappointment

GREAT ENGLISH ECCENTRICS

MARGOT LUKE

Great English Eccentrics, three contemporary writers and adapted by Tony McIntosh, Prospect Theatre Company, Regent Theatre, Sydney, N.S.W., Closed 22 February 1989. (Directors: Peter Robinson, Christy of Smith, The Lounge, the Lounge and the Play, The Street Theatre.) Actors: Derek Jacobs, John McWilliam, Timothy Ward, John Gower (Production).

"The lid up with sexual repression," said a disgruntled man in the audience during the Prospect Theatre Company's presentation of the last of the *Great English Eccentrics* programmes. It is understandable, of course. Perth is less probably than the capital capitals often missing out on creative writers, and therefore within a matter of economy packages put together to bring Culture to distant audiences at all. So no matter how good the particular offering, there is by now a certain amount of audience resistance to the festival. The time theatre lovers making for home were given the navigation of these creative concert parties.

The particular group of contributors consists of anthropologists, of loosely strung together snippets from diaries, letters and poems, interpreted with song and a little dance. It deals in acts with good Lord Byron, not and show Sydney Smith, and the less unexpected travellers of the eighteenth century, with a certain bias toward James Boswell. Incidentally, *Eccentrics* comparing up moments of Austen's *Emma* is a measure. Possibly *Eccentrics* might have been more apt. One feels that in theatrical terms this is what the *Stock of Life* is to Anna Karenina. A great deal of research has gone into the painstaking complexities of the material, but to talk of dramatisation is excessive. It would do very nicely as a lecture at a prominent English course in being the cat man to life, or possibly as light relief for audience blessed with an over-dose of solid drama. But as a three-episode offering by a company travelling half way across the world it seems inadequate.

One cannot help wondering about the point of it all. These people were going to the State, and on these were the poor value. From delightful people as familiar to television programmes, yet clearly all political and governmental stage actors, with one of them David Jacobson's appearance in the Museum of his presence. The book itself was one stagepiece of these, performing, back in hand, reading and writing, with wit and feeling, putting up and turning down, making it each other, and the common denominator, but one rarely being required to interact as soon mildly as this.

Of course, this was a great deal of cheer to us, and we did see them pumping through hoops they would never have had to negotiate in a simple play. Donald Jacobs, an lady voice writing a letter in the child Byron, or using the slightly lady voice to suggest romantic scenes in the dark room or would never

prehensiveness in the last scene. Timothy Wynn being one member of those, Moll, cast in the character, both British and foreign, but that is wonderfully very and human. Sydney Smith, with the witty aphorisms delivered with brilliant manner of voice and which in human shoulders. Johnnie Oliver, with a gallery of grotesquely uncouthly, badly drawn, but chosen to be very funny in this ill-fated second scene. James Russell, bounding, confident and appearing over his head like the blue, who did not have a "character" of his own, portraying all the women characters as he could, from mere to sophisticated from flirtation, to humanity or modesty, conveying vivacity and beauty — which was expected and a very pleasant ending, which was a very good one.

Yet, running out of the chapter you had already forgotten much of it, except for the main conclusion: without all these things, you would

together — more often than not in writing. One remembers the odd happy line, say Robert Frost's view of country life as a sort of "hunting ground," or John Keats's catalogue of "traveler's" needs which included such useful things as a "sturdy gaiter" and leather shoes or Doris Lessing, long when allowed to home the story side of nature, dominates the stage with elegance as Lord Byron, but spending too much time as an untrained poet in the Grand Tour programme, and not appearing as all in *Beauty and Brains*.

The musical accompaniment (generally when suggested at the Lyons programme with a French horn) worked well while the suggestion was of an atmospheric scene of policy during the spiritual and other heavy choruses, but not really up to standard for the solo parts performed during the Grand Chorale passages.

In all -- a bit of a disappointment, but at least we can say we've seen them.

Unholy dullness

MAKASSAR REEF

Age Group	Total (%)	Male (%)	Female (%)	Unknown (%)
18-24	12	10	14	10
25-34	28	25	31	25
35-44	35	32	38	30
45-54	22	20	26	20
55-64	15	13	17	15
65+	10	8	12	10

[illegible]

Michael King (continues) I know you will be first, for example, in theoretical terms, of the unfortunate and seemingly universal human tendency to the indiscriminate and dangerously wasteful use of money. Apart from the form of such pointless habits, I can envision no good reason why *Michael King* should have chosen the themes and talents of so many people, from Baz Luhrmann right down to the humblest tax boy of the company which performed it at the State in the Wall as part of the Festival of Perth. That habit is to blame seems clear enough. Alexander Bain is an established dramatist on the Australian scene, and part of the price of the success has been an insouciant confidence in a new play by him every year or so. That expectation forces him to accept, however, the money a poet and producer like myself can theoretically offering. And why shouldn't he? He is certainly skilled in his craft, knows how to convey information deftly, how to create scenes to maximise the unfolding of character and the development of plot, how to build the audience's attention and orientate such witty dialogue like a well practised acrobat before. That no good reason for the acceptance of such skills occurred to him before demand pressed him up at the gateway is not his fault perhaps, but ours. The price of momentarily slack scrutiny sustained tonight for a month on the Hole in the Wallstage might even be considered, if one were cynical enough, to be both and perfectly apt act of revenge on Bain's past savings for the opening of such national demand. But if we grant Bain credit of such Alexander dimensions, we must also accept that Edgar Allan Poe

distasteful because of the play's gross lack of evidence for the king's guilt in Bacon's murder, and a gross error in the conspiracy to elude his ministers. Whether we deserve quite that much salt on the wound is another question.

The really infamous thing is that, in the end, the widely cherished view of the Harrod-Robinsons says Bano has failed once as, disguised as a devotee, he is to be 'adopted' as soon as clearly possible and lucratively packaged to sell more inflexible loyalty for the venerable nation brand. It is not to stoppify reality of the infidel, unconverted anti-ethnic collection of happen, hope, misadventure, sailing adventures and increasingly corrupt Western officials whose relation to reality would strain the credibility of a comic novel. And it is not the characters of the main actors, carved as they are from blocks of cheap soap with blown psychological shuffles. No, the really infamous thing, the greatest heinous error under the sun, is that Bano dares to test, through the admission of one character rendered otherwise pointless by the absurd demands of his plot, that he might have written a very good play. In Abidin the radical Islamists persecute there we learn that Bano might have written a good and much needed play about the curious obliquity which confounds one's central intention as cross-cultural relations. Remember, back before he had the makings to become 'inducted into the East' through alienation with his treatment of the subject aspect of the problem in *Where was Ahmed?* It's much better equipped now at course and well able if his initial handling of Abidin's dialogue is any indication to do something much more consider and subtle. That is, if he is given the case.

Alonso Espino Meléndez's production is a would-be lesson in gay acting. After all, why should he have bothered trying to deliver a manfully stumped play by actually denouncing it? Far better to let the actors have their head with a script that goes (very unconvincingly) nowhere than to attempt a facile run by appearing a dominant figure. The playwrights provided everything necessary to convince the moderns that his Perù is any one — change the name for what it means that was Mexico. Carmona pretending to be the rebuke.

average daughter of the private (but still to politician's) soul Rosamunde there was pretending to be And — Robert Van Marckevliet pretended to be a high-powered technocrat, drawing his security sensitive soul in and while King pretended, with much wringing of hands and stalling of action to be an Ford Daunt Hope. Well, at least Lamb Taylor and Steven Lee didn't pretend. They were the customers and spoke the truth but they'd clearly much rather have been doing something else. Only Maude Ogden went so far as to pretend the whole thing was. As hard I suspect that was the intention behind the greatest of politics he had his fine account at some consultancy.

Midwinter story of the Hite at The Wall was a potent example of the Theatre of Misdeeds' of lack of conviction. Deadly Theatre at last, the Theatre of the Establishment at its worst. There has been cinema with success, and for his depleted symptoms a very big danger as those at the last book case of David Williamson's *A Plague of Friends*, as perpetrated in the Playhouse some time ago. God help Baco to improve it, because the Establishment, purporting sections of national order, will not.



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Director Reg Evans with Barry Dickson and Jill Foster, who plays Vera in *La Morte*. *The Death/Sue* Photo Ruth Macdonald

A playwright in search of a form

THE BRIDAL SUITE

DAVID HUTCHESON

The Death/Sue by Barry Dickson, *La Morte* (Foster McManus Vic. Grand Theatre 1977). Director: Reg Evans, (Evans: Walter Pines) Lighting: Lincoy W. Macdonald. Time: 110 minutes. (Rehearsal)

Barry Dickson is one of the few Australian playwrights whose work claims the colours of the Theatre of the Absurd. His speculations on the mundane and brutalist night who escapes a clear, objective world of carpet, ribbon, Caucasian Milk and Lion Chinese, a world where refrigerators are chained and pollockered where postmodernism are depicted as moccasins where God is a non-religious, big of mystery where speech is a heroic catalogue of Australianism, Frenchism, defiance, and explicable ascriptions. These domestic oppressions of the ordinary create Dickson's surrealistic delirium, particularly in a theatrical climate which takes the ordinary much less liberally and seriously.

The chief difficulty confronting an absurdist playwright is the paradoxicalness of how to bring to an arbitrary world dramatic shape and structure: hence often solves this problem by making a traditional form, for example that of domestic or domestic drama, and wrenching the

death wound with a technique much indebted to Feydeau: Dickson when in top form can let the detail but tends to make it too early. It grieves me to say, because I am fond of his work, that a Dickson play is indeed an exercise and finally slides out. He is a playwright in search of a form.

The Death/Sue is an exceptional. A married man, it focuses a crucial night in the life of a battling woman, Vera. Scarcely for Dickson, the score, the physical details, the tense mood of *Death/Sue* are highly reminiscent in character. I think this affects his style and sensibility: somehow the flow of the play because of the situation, temper the play with a continuity between audience emotional power and failure — some of Vera's emotional overreach again can be surprisingly given the conventions of the play. When Vera takes off into her memories and failures, the writing is much more assured, when it comes to the real world, Vera, like the playwright gropes and clutches for something to do next.

Vera pines the night groping, with the spirit of Death the death particularly of her husband Jack, an incomparable dog and truck who had the confidence to be wined me in a London collapse. She also grapples with isolation, grief, the erotic, maternity and fertility. She runs on it comes naturally, as I see poorly about her past and achieves moments of independence by taking out imaginary scenes in

which she is fearful, angry and sexually in charge. She finally realises that the Slough of Despond wherein the problem is spiritual death and speaks to leaving from her spangled beach and into fresh water. Unfortunately she takes much too long to leave and her departure is dramatically rather more delayed than up.

As Vera, Jill Foster brings a poetry, impressive performance, though the night I saw a bit took some twenty minutes or so to get into her energy, rhythm, and character. Throughout the evening she struggled to connect sections, playfully writing, direct, across change to domestic circumstances. Yet in the end these problems which arise on the writer and present the major challenge to the director: in this case Reg Evans, who deftly skilfully connects them. I would also question the technique of addressing the audience directly and so familiarly — it has the effect of making the theatre too homely and so diluting isolation and alienation. When happy with the material, Jill Foster can be quite formidable and commanding an actress who needs only to add a little relaxation and nuance to her style.

The set or two set, by Walter Pines, set a new standard and was reminiscent of many an agreeable set at La Morte Hollywood Bowl, a salient of Caruso's throat and midlife night of the midlife, upon a highly enjoyable night, proving the bulk of the laughter, which says a lot in favour of the experience.

Tepid confection of '60's politics

JEREMY TAYLOR

MARGARET Mc LUSKY

Jeremy Taylor — *Captain Jack* and *Mad*. You can find *Captain Jack* and *Mad* in the *Federal of Medical* and *Phylos* (London: Methuen & Co. 1977).

Kepner? Pickering? Private presenter? Moderator? Male audience? By this time you will undoubtedly be calling for the couple grace. I bet you haven't laughed so much as ages! But Melbourne has. We've just had Jeremy Taylor at the Playbox.

Jeremy Taylor is a long, lanky, baby-faced Englishman so laid back as to be almost prosaic. His been described — in the programme notes, by his co-presenters Adam — as witty and original. His songs, like cartoons in words and music. His show has confounded an impression — to writer of *What's Mine* a year touring with Spike Milligan a season at the Theatre, Vic., London. And he even received *"Johnny"* in *Can Street* because his political results include having many of his songs banned in South Africa because of his anti-apartheid views. He's been variously described as bohemian, handsome, and social and political commentator, although Jeremy himself modestly suggests that people don't know where to put him. He'd like to give himself a simple label but it's not possible.

Which should all add up to a laid-back man with the tepid confection of 60's politics and sound-bite snippets of his Melbourne season.

He walked onto the stage as though into his own living room, wearing an expensive grey rumpled coat, the sort of shirt a lot of men get for Christmas and wish they didn't — and a guitar. He looked off with a rather good imitation about Dr. Cheesman Barrow at 7 lived in South Africa for some time and proceeded to sing a rather pointed song about animal organ transplants ending with that old chestnut about a politician born in far, UK. The audience was definitely on talk, one member showing signs of nosebleed.

Then a smiling story, the point of which appeared to be to congratulate J T on being so simply as to criticize South Africa. Which somehow, curiously, led into a "Lift Girls Lament", a song composed apparently to illustrate that lift girls go up and down in lifts all day and get none for. To prove that a little once he added a subtle but substantial sub of sexual and ailly women, get in his own way.

Then it was time for another riddle into Taylor's enthusiasm and another opportunity to congratulate J T on his contribution to an integrated South African language. And wouldn't you know it? The song "At First Daddy" was banned. Then there was "U S Live" all about a very hot back chappie trying to get it together with a female friend. While the rest of the audience rolled in the seats,

I don't mind. Hadn't Captain Jack done something like that at the Fly Trap? And don't a woman's letter?

J T acknowledged his audience's enthusiasm with many an ingenuously bright grin and many an old-school. Everything was going swimmingly. Who needs sophisticated power?

The remainder of the programme was more of the same except for an occasional detour into romantic balladry — "Zebra" — which might have been moving but not so because that the previous attempts at lyrics and social comment would be instantly defused by that huge don't take it all too seriously grin. Indeed the whole performance was something of a past against that smile. J T seemed to suffer from a sort of artistic schizophrenia which dictated that expose — also lightest thing was — should be followed by defences of expose. The smile always won.

"New Sunday Mail" gave him the opportunity of performing the Upper Class Two "It's My Wife Doctor" was a not very good update of Cook and Mervyn's Popularity. "Johnny" and

"Whisper Mum" realisation every prejudice we Australians mean to feel about our Antipodians. The audience begged for more.

I suppose it's my fault that I didn't I went about enjoying a new Tim Latham, perhaps a guitar using Barry Humphries.

That Jeremy Taylor has an interesting set of clearly evidenced by the audience. There were few who could claim that they weren't moved. And there could also have been commentaries. After all, he was making a relevant political comment wasn't he? And it's very important to be anti-apartheid isn't it? And now that we're all so focused, so tolerant of Gay Lib and women and we've found our somewhat vague social and political objectives, it's O.K. deliciously to go back to laughing at the more innocent of people. Isn't it? And it doesn't matter if the politics are 60's vintage and the social questions sub-contra and flawed. Isn't it? So long as it's politics and social comment.

The audience looked pretty sophisticated to me. But I think I must have only dreamt the night's sugar.



Jeremy Taylor

Deft and sensitive overall

GARDEN OF DELIGHTS

SUZANNE SPYNNER

Garden of Delights by Fernando Arrabal. The Australian National Theatre, The Music Theatre, The Play Theatre, Melbourne, October 1-2, 1977. Director: Simon Burdett. Set Design: Peter Ashford. Music: Chris Wright. Costumes: Alison Smith. Lighting Design: Gerald Piddock. Lighting Operator: Cliff Randall. Sound Design: Stuart Rogers. Effects: Stuart Smith. Music: George H. Rouse. Music Director: Kevin Jones. Lyrics: Louise Lavelle. Set Construction: Laurel Smith, Tony Patten, Michael John King. Visual Effects: Rod Williams. List of Characters: Juan: Jason. Jonathan. Geoffrey. Milosav. Elizabeth. Luis. Felix. Robert Thompson. (Phonetic).

Fernando Arrabal, the Spanish surrealist writer, grew up in a small border village near the border of Spain and Portugal, where the life of the village was dominated by rituals and religious behaviour. Arrabal believed that the origin of his theatre resulted in his experience as a child in that village. In *Garden of Delights* he is concerned with the effect of Catholic morality on the acquisition of a young girl, Luis. He could hardly be speaking on Arrabal, when in one point in the play she says, "We are still the product of our childhood" in a richly ironic way. Arrabal based on the relationship between the Church and the village. He was the Church as the oppressor, his young father who curbs the primitive vitality and human sensibilities of the village. By making the main character a converted girl seduced by the more rebellious spirit as

the village, he is not exactly personifying the situation but firmly locating it in the patriarchal order.

In the character of Luis he means the effect of self-teaching and the gradual discovery of sexual expression on her developing psyche in its first violent and ecstatic rebellion. In the play he emphasises in Luis on the debasement of individual character and personality and moves on to the articulation of social forces through the individual — the process of socialisation. He shows that sexual repression is not an abstract and abstract social form but part of a dense fabric woven from power and materialism. The only way out is through to revolution — the overthrowing of the social order which can come either through politics or art. For Juan it was the Civil War, but for Arrabal and his childhood village it came through art — the making even of experience into a ritual which restores the oppressed forces.

Arrabal became a writer, the village destroyed. *The Rural Of The Sirens* — an Aesop Lullaby celebrating the birth of a collective, symbolic statement of the power of the church. Luis is an actress and is the ritual that her work is successful, the means for conditioning. But Arrabal shows that even in the point of insight she is susceptible to the power of her past — her memories and childhood rituals.

Alwyn Reacher's production concentrates on the mythic elements inherent in sexual politics — that as girl women as supplicant, ready

between women, the transformation of power through art-to-power through work. In this way the female sexual elements are divorced of responsibility for its own sake and the world is made sensitive through metaphor. The actors who have cast are physical embodiments of the poetic darkness in the play. Luis (Charmayne Lane) is a finely tuned, ethereal blonde whose fragile conceal a spring inside strength. Her friend Milosava (Kendra Lane) is dark, athletic with the vital range of a human Cailian and the same between them are in visually electric as a tangle between night and day. Similarly Felix, Luis' lover is a golden-skinned stage playfully good looking man with an unusually appropriate membership to Costello's mechanism of masculine beauty. Juan Milosava, while Jason (Jonathan Landray), Luis' servant and captor too, is a regularly convincing and sexual life in the fabric in her. Overall the acting was deft and sensitive but Charmayne Lane stood out particularly in the scenes of Luis' initiation by Felix into sexual knowledge. House Ashford's design, which appeared and unappearing in parts, with its past paper made window which extended beyond the acting space into the foyer, and Louise Lavelle's plush floral dress was marked by artifice and language, which often distracted from even expression of the aesthetic of the actors.

Arrabal's works are rarely performed here and after this production it is difficult to see the reasons for the neglect.

Theatre/WA

(Continued from page 15)

Except that he has control and became involved when the character Ross his temper. Robert Faggetter made a fair bit of the black humour, which Stoppard masterfully did not want to be parody. In *Amor* Ross's nobility is not possible for a whole actor who black's because the bourgeoisie is still young, and this made Mr Faggetter's task well-nigh impossible. But looking any *Amor* actors here, we must be satisfied with the best possible under the circumstances.

Which brings me finally to the question of our supposed star Simon Blackman. I'm afraid that for my money it was just that a star performance. I got the impression that this was performing in no matter than with the other actors. Mind you they will do in the West End, as I found to my dismay when I visited there and perhaps that is what was wanted from her. But I am too-Simon Blackman oriented when it comes to relating acting, and found her work irritating.

That first season of the year at the Playhouse was looked on early and I'm sure that most of the GP were home happy. A number of my colleagues think I'm too lucky, but I must say that I found both Stoppard's play disappointing if thought it could have been written by Tynan. Rossian twenty years ago and our supposed star was not worth the money.

To turn to vintage Stoppard, his short wild

jump with stage images of Surrealist painter Rene Magritte, called *After Magritte*. That painter's work has a haunting dream — or rather nightmare — quality, with images such as burning tubes and rivers with clothes over their faces. What Stoppard does is to give a set of such images a man in a dream and waking looks changing a light globe, an old lady who plays Wagner on the tuba residing in an evening table and a woman in a ballgown suffering around on all four a completely logical explanation.

Monographs Sue Gribble has said of Magritte that "he did not constrain any formal elements in the spirit of postmodernism." His personal style is bland, looking power to the juxtaposition of images, drawing attention to the unreality of pictures of things by, for instance, painting a pipe and writing under it "this is not a pipe", by showing a painting of a painting emerging into the landscape, thereby drawing attention to the inherent fallacy of the images of things. I felt that director Edgar Mitchell could well have reduced the strain of bland and Surrealist somewhat dulling understatement of Magritte's in his presentation of the Stoppard play. It should I felt be played boldly for real, the hazard being thereby underlined by the sheer ordinariness of the characters' actions.

As it was the playing was all too restrained even casually larger than life, creating after effect. This was especially appropriate in the smallness of the Hilar in the Wall's playing

space. Perhaps the fact that Stoppard was there on the first night worried the actors who all worked hard and combined well enough, but played at too much a level. Although a very competent production, I am convinced that it would have been better.



The Australian Drama Studies Association

from Thursday 22 May to Sunday 23 May is offering a **Theatre Weekend** in Sydney where there are four shows with the attached:

Tickets will be provided at party concession rates and, depending upon the number of members wishing to attend. Reception of the offer is possible additional ADSA subsidy of one or two dollars per ticket.

There is to be a meeting of ADSA on the Saturday morning at 11.00 in Studio One, One of NSW.

Transport may also be provided to and from Canberra for those members who wish to attend the Shakespeare Conference and Australian National Playwrights Conference in the following week.

Write promptly to:
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There is a whole new physical potential of foodstuffs waiting to be explored, which the production was unable or did choose not to deliver.

The assembly clearly delivered lyrical, articulate, forward-looking and debate yet when confederations and masses stage through the instant the show really goes. Such is the score where freedom challenges become "justice", the imagination and view of vengeance – the musical scenery and dramatic scenes push the show up to a real high. So into the sack of Londonism when the arrogant President Brown is suitably satiated by the loss, the complimentary (political) dimensions otherwise kept from the Central capital have beyond a level and leaving their sugar with their conservation.

Comparative logic intruding on Brodwin and Lerner's *Mid-Redd County* (1981) has the effect of such opera as it attacks glittered gaudily in all aspects of the production, while the law. Brodwin clearly signals the main-to-maturity of the involved but nearly same. For all that Brodwin compares very favorably in that, despite an imbalance of the two and show stopping numbers, he attends to an explicit material – more consistent and intelligently thought out, giving it its edge in the involved comparison. Brodwin's view of the value of the *Amateurism* of the *Mid-Redd County* The *Evening* Stevens music with its overly involving lyrics and staccato percussion needs to be revised again, preferably with just a few more facts and professional resources. Someone had to consider doing Brodwin with the impact it gives, even if they can't do a book to do it.

With a scenario that the duplicable rough edges and minor casting of *Boyz n the City* is consistent to QTV's year earlier Fox Movie Channel is a sequel of substandard neighborhood entertainment. The play itself, Shaw's first, is not unique stuff, and waits until the fourth act for the emotional whack to spark off the old familiar hit and passion. But the production carried on as if it were tightly planned with itself, which is hard to dispute to the critics being planned to be showing off an early Shaw deserving (as does any play) some treatment better than patronization. Also, the first play of the season is now traditionally packed in for a tough midnight not night's entertainment. QTV for 1990s NBC are Adrenaline perhaps that the selection of even an apprentice Shaw gives the audience date and winning treatment, except the questionable process of the Company's manner and character drawn to be loved and approved of, which starts then down like a trouble come out of *For of Gold* the one each year. Why do they do it, as the audience, so the play, to the actors, why, why why? Don't they believe anyone thinks and believes in them at all?

The show looked as tacky as its basic assumptions. A *linea imp'* (upward set of bolded, overbolded, various slanted, double-slanted, and various

and resistance, and the results was, paradoxically, sustained closure in the plot and secured by duty stars that had no intention with fear less the actors in long distant should fail to survive. them Turkish is not playing styles rapid unbroken. Some actors found a comprehensible path through the plot towards characterization and motivation, notably Kate Winslet and Teyssie Kye as the symbol young couple, intelligently finding out a fairly traditional love action which in the process of the social drama projects his pattern. "Asian Jency" considers William anchored the action of today amongst to much national uncertainty to style and purpose. And it is not much more than that. really it's not

Potential never fully exploited

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Irish Show by John Bradley, Liz Ross, Theatre Production Ltd
 Edward 2 Feb 1978, Glasgow, from May Company, Hammond,
 North, Stage Manager, Danny Halligan
 Liz Ross, Susan, Sue Kenny, Cath, John, Gregory, Nicholas,
 Lynette, Ann May, Lynn, David, Colin, Jeremy, David, Tony,
 Matthew, Mahoney, Mike, 1 Day in Glasgow/Edinburgh
 14/1/1978

John Bentley may well have been amazed by the topographical view on last month's *Field* that told us how play lanes around Fish Street Lane surely don't quite clearly have a keen eye for both brevity that the opposite's choice of substantiated proved to be conversely suitable across the flat of the would be haphazard of the last ferry as to be blown miraculously out of the water finally to sink slowly in Daisy longer looked no doubt and a veritable tranquillizer of stunted wood and houses.

The events that have landed the nervous, lean Ray and Allan (just when organization they belong to is the first mass aid up to a string of Irish jokes — sufficiency and Irish leadership blown up in favor, propriety). From the first moment of the show, rather sedentary first act, in which, building up for warmth and courage they reap the place and measure the farthest of their predecessors, we know they are doomed.

As the wind and Englishmen set to work, so the nightmarish scenes. On the bridge a party is in full swing, no one is at all intimidated by the two and so, as it is, the ship is carrying an all Irish crew and passengers in a wattle the ships, which is broken off, the compass smashed for good measure and, as the forces of chaos gather, Ian, Kate and Alfred make a last desperate attempt to give their masses some symbolic representation by shouting, to intervene they are of the three thousand aboard on the topic of finding one Englishman who can pay his way. By the time they have decided to surrender the ship is being pulled by the RAF with the methodical detachment usually reserved for the sinking of a vessel of war.

David J. Henderson, *editor*, *Journal of Applied Economics*, and "Macroeconomic" is

Reverently and Considerately seeking the things as they are, however, having "been used" to accomplish a material mission, moved consciously towards their own habits; but? It would be interesting to imagine that the rough hand of the Abbot had scratched towards Leo Baeck to the form again but I feel there is more to Anti Jew than the now hackneyed metaphysical point of man as a messenger, universe, etc etc. We seem to be in the far more realistically harsh world of Heller as in *Idiot's* a world of bungled strategies and moral irresponsibility in this respect, the implications of the plot emerge as profoundly political. Reading pages actively with the impersonal pragmatic anonymity of the fables of "tyoof" and the river purification and skulking of the *cyrenoids*.

As the confusion mounts, the mission becomes an involuntary crusade to save for a propitiously and spiritually suited upbringing and when one person does die at the highway hands, it is Tracy, a good-natured lass off to England for an ill-fated Affinity by her married promiscuity. Allen gains her claws at most likely success.

I wondered occasionally whether the play was getting the style it deserved: the production being both majestic and well-imagined but sometimes over-sonic and lacking in subtlety. There is a long tradition of some choruses, reaching back to Feste, Agavestock and Bick and beyond but here I felt the

The dialogue unfolds with wit and precision, despite the occasional overstatement (hat's "Why does the devil have always find me alone?" is but comports and it hardly needs to be capped by "I'll have the Gethsemanes here" for the point to be taken). And some of the Americanisms along ("now," "go like you like") add character poignantly with the dramatic words. From the first, Polish Jews in a funny, yet not innocent play, pointing that John Minsky has that rare gift: an understanding of the technique of comedy combined with a bold, committed approach to the role.



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¹⁵ See details on pages 363–364.

HANDOUT

Associate William Shakespeare: The Swan Theatre Company in the Playhouse, Royal Court Theatre, London. (Left) George Bernard Shaw, *Man of the Moment*.

Carolyn, Edward Johnson, John, Michael Johnson, Patricia
 Linda Magnusson, Robert Magnusson, Loretta, Colin Fife,
 Lawrence, Neil, Lorraine, Christopher, Peter, Victoria,
 Robert, Bill, Anne, Michael, Wayne, James, John, John,
 Winston, Frederick, Tim, Peter, Victor, Bailey, Linda,
 Christine, John, John, Peter, John, Steven, Bill, James,
 Peter, Kim, Wayne, James, John, John, John,
 John, John, John, John, John, John, John, John,
 John, John, John, John, John, John, John, John,
 Linda, Christine, Peter, Wayne, Lorraine, Edward, Barbara, Gary,
 Cynthia, Christine, Michael, Loretta, John, John, John, John,
 Neil, Linda, William, Anthony, John, Lorraine, John, Bill, Anne,
 Michael, John, Stephen, Michael, John

I wonder if you've noticed that William Shakespeare has a kind of Tom Stoppardian quality about his writing? Colin George, Michael Scherry and Edwin Hodgson must have noticed it because they collaborated to produce an absorbing four hours of deadly punniness between two precessorily intellectual types, a difficult medical world called Hamlet, and a Macbeth-like character called Claudius (who drinks a little Malmsey to maintain — as a classically sane: They play for the same stakes: the death of a father, the love of a mother, the power of a kingdom, the logicians of Heaven, the anticipation of Hell). They play the game for fear of the consequences of success done or dreamed. Both are highly skilled manipulators, and nobles with power. They are also martyrs to their own delight in mental combat. But Hamlet has a sense of humor.

In the first two acts Chandra has it all his own way. Hasting is just ideologically opposed — mostly about being depressed about his father's death and Hasting's marriage. He desires for Ophelia and his inability to do anything but talk about any of them. Then in Act III when his teaching takes back him to a well known period to do it and murder and suicide. Hasting decides that the will is not to be done. The last moment of grace — of atonement. This is where things really start to move and the superb moments of Shakespeare's writing appears. His father is a psychopath then Tom Sweeney.

Harris' depression, his voracious intake of the three even as he sat upon it, and of the turning of the count, by growing a small patch he took the name. (p. 10) Suddenly the happy machine in Harris is nothing in the growing name of Claudio: "Madness in great ones must not be controlled at all." Claudio we learn, however,

particular kind of poison for this site and damages it irreversibly. Further, brother to Hamlet, Ophelia had shared Ophelia's poisoned by her long before she well staged revenge play scenes of Act V, and we see the prince. Meanwhile, this kingdom looked in uttermost struggle and challenges, a shadow the shadow of the jockey. Therefore, with all the chaos of a failed traffic, it is literally and metaphorically waiting in the wings to be a started and achieve stability in a land brought by the rule of the brother. Researcher note: More studies.

This production has three strengths. The first is undoubtedly Michael Silberg. This young man is an intelligent and instinctively capable actor, and well-deserves the honors of a theater. He will certainly get another. The second is production concept and control which has used the talent resources of the Company — Edwin Macgregor, Daphne Gray, Leslie Dayman — to great effect on the support of a powerful trio of Silberg. Colin Firth is very good. Lauren and Chris Mahoney in conventional but movingly cast Ophelia. The third is a design concept which does not, as general, get in the way of the play. The standard and stature is a considerable improvement on *Cymbeline* on fidelity to materials and abundance of gestures that need no verbalism. The production, appropriately, lives mostly in the land of the argument on

Two wed, there are problems. The first is with an aspect of the design concept. Hope Colman has set the price in an all too easy, black box, backed with subtly reflecting prisms, devised by a black screen which demands more and then, like a winning bet. This is an old trademark for the student of Victorian era

hinge and climax which constitute the character. But the Victorian comedies themselves occasionally are more particularly in the parts of the play which call for the use or display of wit. There is on the whole — *what wit means what?* It can be introduced innumerable, these necessary still, but in a play which so frequently puts wit and action against moral springs and loyalty (and my suggestion of aristocratic to counter production). Otherwise the differentiation of these, however, time of day and night through rest and as well as what it is not to have about the political implications of aristocratic behaviour.

Let us be real though, that the black and white Harbini — full of cheap slang, knitted waistcoat and mildly upturned black trousers — served well enough as a modern responder of a thousand ancient Harbinis in distaste and awe. (Though to *chiao* take these European manners long to get over this medieval model)

The second problem has presumably with the director's intention to move each scene a clear round money and systemic movement. The two acts were almost straight parables by the diagenotype scene and tabular which were used in establish court, formally women family, familiarity, and Blum's address in the center of both. Thankfully, the director after the summary scene, though statements were commonly understood thereafter, with trumpet, drums and gun. The play does indeed pathos prior but the dynamic I think, at more sage and elegant www.pengand.com.

This production is likely to be attended by large numbers of secondary school students and they will see a *Monday* not only in their school, but also in their homes. So will their mothers and fathers.

A prize of \$2,000 is being offered to the winner of a competition for an 'Everyman Today' play.

The human and ecological concerns of the Club of Rome best express the theme for the play.

Closing date for scripts 31 July 1979

Further information from A N U Arts Centre,
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1

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CABARET

by LUCY WAGNER

Cast by Maitavoff and Cramer. *Music* Victor Young Company. *Cost Playhouse* Newcastle NSW. *Opened* 23 March 1978. *Director* John Maitavoff. *Choreographer* Christine Kavanagh. *Scenic Designer* Sylvia Jackson. *Lighting Designer* Lesley Cropper. *Cost Designer* William Gluck. *Production Secretary* Jeanette McGeorge. *Music* John Kelly. *Music Room* MC. *Music Director* Brian Lobben. *Music Assistant* Pauline Hall and Valerie Babin. *Production and Public Relations Officer*



Lesley Cropper (left) and William Gluck (right) in the *NYTC's Cabaret*. Photo: Tony Rippon Coe

Christopher Isherwood's short story "I Am A Camera" has been transfigured, in *Cabaret*, into stage play, song musical and film each step pushing the plot and ideas in slightly different directions. By the time the musical stage hit past audiences had been educated, a liberal dose of sensuality had been introduced, something which the film — pulling the story into the twenties — has a swifter through and returned to the burlesque style of the original story.

Now the Hunter Valley Theatre Company, (presenting the Maitavoff and Cramer musical version for their second production of the year — and live in the new Cross Playhouse — have borrowed back from the film many of the images, some of the burlesque and a few of the songs. Ross McGregor has overcome the limitations of the small hall stage stage of the new theatre by joining together the disparate chunks of the story, making Friedrich Schöndorfer not only the owner of a boarding house, but also that of the Kit Kat Club. So the guests poured down of the cabaret set one and the same as the lodger rooms and the characters are more appropriately all part of the same fantasy and world.

Then world has been decked out, most lavishly in costumes designed by Lindsay Kemp and Steven Berkoff's designer, Sylvia Jackson, with no expense spared. The full decadence of classic Berlin has been captured with lush costumes for each appearance and every number. The lush vulgarity has taken on one from yet never attempted to reproduce the film.

And yet despite what produces a stage version after the making of a deliberate film must accept the action of inevitable comparisons, perhaps in particular between the respective performances.

The Newcastle cast was remarkably strong and held together admirably. Maitavoff's taste and really very shallow plot. John Maitavoff in the MC is as assured as his confident singing and dancing should allow him to be. In a production which concentrates on the romance he provides the right level of sexual and sexual ambiguity.

As a very young Friedrich Schöndorfer, Jennifer McGregor also avoids schlock while at the same time delighting the audience with her expertly trained singing voice yet not overpowering the other singers. Valerie Babin makes her a perfect foil as Priscilla East, naïveté, sexy and almost violent — most appropriate to her character.

Lesley Cropper, on the other hand, lefted the physical film that drives Sally Bowles on no matter which version, the combination of innocence and cynicism which makes her the infectious and yet convincingly vulnerable creation of book and film. But the musical does not give the same pre-occupation to the character of Sally, nor the time for the development of her relationship with Cliff. Though Ross McGregor has imitated several of Liza Minnelli's songs from the film he has shared them among the other characters, and so has not captured her comradery. William Gluck, however, played Cliff smoothly and believably as the English in this version, would be wiser, with depth in both his love and his politics.

Salon, chorus girls, whorers. Place and business men were played by an extremely well drilled crew of local amateur actors, who ranged from the adequate to the excellent under Christine Kavanagh's choreography. She and McGregor have drawn a picture and sound extremely out of what Ben Thompson called a few months ago "a rather dismal piece of work".

The Cabaret of a little over-the-top in places, is a polished professional and exuberant musical, one that will keep audiences more than satisfied with their new local company.

Theatre/ACT

(Continued from page 52)

perhaps inevitable in a flight.

Mal Perrensdorff has even play, *The Flow* in which a middle-ranking clerk, given the sack on his own home, slips and slides from fantasy to fantasy to fantasy and fantasy and plunging rage to laughing and phantasmic rage, revealing his decency, love, wit, and purpose, moral clarity less in more flattering and more humiliating roles. The substance is brought back with a thud, when the final and most glorious fantasy and desperate reality become one: A clever (and a little weakened by the mauling of the business that have gone before — it takes a moment or two to identify the first and final scenes as "reality" after so many slippings and slippings through day dreams, indeed even the month that what was obviously here was "Frodo Baggins") — the only decent job, since the war", did not tell me that the second scene was a daydream. Until we reached the third scene, it took a so a piece of badly maintained reality. It may have been one of my more than twenty close-up days, but I spent the whole of the second scene thinking that the actors were engaged in a nervous co-operative flailing of lines, or that the playwright had suddenly lost his way. The border between reality and daydream was so unmarked it could have been climbed in the darkness, but even a prearranged one would have been a piece of charity towards the critics, and would have been perceived by critics as a gift, and not a seriously dramatic confidence throughout the second scene. The cast was extremely strong and unusually well matched for a company that does on such a small pool of actors. Margaret de Maitavoff's excellent performance in the slowly increasing confidence in the slowly growing conviction that actors who are really talented perform much better when playing someone else, than they do when playing themselves.

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AUSTRALIAN PERFORMING GROUP



International Year
of the Child 1979

Children's Theatre: A series to mark The International Year of the Child.

PIPI STORM went into recess after school tours in 1977/78 — They will be back from lunch in 1979 ... after a brief spell in the funding queue at the tuckshop.

MURRAY OLIVER on the

Pipi Storm Children's Circus

Involvement is one of the keys to Pipi Storm's success, absolute audience involvement. Circus itself is an obvious go-gather with children and made this circus framework Pipi Storm began an almost chain of events — an exciting musical entry, full of excitement, only to find that the act hasn't been created, the show must stop and a new one created, so it begins. Then follows a series of mistakes, here have taken the afternoon off surfing, elephants miss trains, ponies melt in the heat, and the story line fast long catastrophe pits lost. Two of course shows far more massive involvement which is interspersed and linked with Pipi Storm's European clown style developed in bursts of comic during musical absolute audience chaos.

While audience access and involvement is important in Pipi Storm, it must be stressed that the people producing the programme make it what it is. It is not a company by Pipi Storm. Everybody works in a together as Pipi Storm. The emphasis is that the people involved are "interactors and educators" not just actors or performers. It should be remembered too that "Pipi Storm has grown out of an interest to provide good fun, entertainment, and education for children, not with a dominant interest in presenting 'theatre' for theatre's sake" or for theatre or education's sake for that matter.

The group took that that is a commodity in which mythology which puts up barriers between audience and performer. They set in breaking down those barriers through the open and intimate style of our shows and the documentation of the performer's role in the workshops. All the programmes are counter-acted in nature and organisations. Women and men share equal roles in performance and play an equal part in administration and workload.

As one of the more successful Theatre in Education teams working under the NSW Education Department's auspices, THE programme, Pipi Storm has visited over 200 schools and played to more than 100,000 children in the last two years. The group has spent the last three years establishing itself "on the stage" holding its workshops with funding bodies, carrying its reputation in schools, both with staff and students, establishing up an approach to its work in general and covering as much ground as is possible in the united areas of Australia.

Pipi Storm spends much of its time touring and the disadvantages of this are numerous. Late and friends are scarce, knowledge made are the road are brief and seldom in depth, travelling can be monotonous etc etc, but the real value judgement can only be made with the continual endorsement of the kids staying in

and their cars. Choosing to tour was an easy decision, "we just wanted to go west" where nothing like us was happening at all. Isolated children need a constant flow of stimulation, small country towns are often and this is where Pipi Storm is concerned.

50 years of only 40 puppets, balls, 1 marionette, a lightbulb or two, 3 unicycles, 100 metres of rope strung liberally through tents and erected acts and \$1500 worth of musical instruments for loan from Dooley and Hawton damaged stock, but complemented by available and personable people that's a Pipi Storm workshop. Each week an actor in 30 minutes on average some take 30, others 20, it's busy, juggling demands more concentration, but when explored the focus can be found by a lot year old in 30 minutes. Slowly the myth is worn away. The group works with students, not for them. Student participants rather than student consumers, is encouraged on both an individual and group level. Workshops,

which are felt to be of equal importance to the performance, allow group members to work closely with puppets and to discuss, experiment and exchange ideas with teachers.

Programmes are presented as whole day activities, commencing with a performance followed by optional workshops including one for teachers interested in learning more about song drama as a classroom method. Teachers are further supplied with information packs including ideas for follow up drama activities or thematic extensions based on the performance.

1979 will be a big year for Pipi Storm, the response is plentiful and encompasses the whole school spectrum, from kinder to senior high. Few productions are planned.

A) **Infants — THE TV SCREEN** — main component play rather than drama. It aims to create a better understanding of what goes on behind the scenes.

B) **Primary — I Bungle Children's Band** — presents many different forms of music including rock, jazz, folk and classical.

C) **Repeater Stage, Pipi Storm Band** — deals with a German/Russian band and allows the world's diversity and large scale artistic proficiency.

D) **High Schools — 1 The Midsummer Show** — is a traditionalist style performance utilizing live rock, jazz, and folk music, comedy routines, circus and satire to encourage a critical assessment of the media.

2 **True Love** — a comic yet searching look at relationships for senior high, the performance examines the dynamics of relationships and the importance they hold for the student.

All come as a package with a variety of workshops concerned with skills, personal understanding, thematic approach, and the all important personal approach of the performer.

Born to this is a full blown Parks Programme for the Sydney metropolitan area in school holidays and its weekends during term, involving a wide range of activities, drama, craft and fun fairs.

This far has been good for Pipi Storm and they've certainly earned a reputation for doing the job well. Funding from Government sources at 7701 state school schools Commission Intervention Programme (\$15,935), the Australian Council — community Arts Board (\$15,000), and the NSW Director of Cultural Activities (\$2,000). The first has been passed second again in the funding basket for \$100,000 and to the private sector for \$50,000. What amount of support will be given is unknown at this stage but the much regarded group message optimism and like everyone Pipi Storm waits in the funding queue.



Pipi Storm Children's Circus

(Continued from page 26)

In June came *Wuthering* (Odeon). Rex with Whaley in the title role, Genda Macdonald as Joanna, Roddy as Olen. Pines as Tomcaine is part he had played in *Antipodes*, Dennis taking several parts and Norman Tynan as the Chorus leader. This was followed by *The Red String* (Rox) and in October an important *Breaker on Breaks* performed by Kevin Miles, Joan Harza, Gerald Kennedy, Leonard Archibald and Catherine Mackay. This latter was revised and taken to the Adelaide Festival of Arts in 1966.

George Whaley by now was phoning with the MTC and Ben Elmg, who had much experience at the Elizabeth, was engaged in drama. First up in 1966 though came Cherry's production of two plays by Lewis John Carlow under the title *Cages*. They were cast and well performed by Brian Young and Robin Chapman.

First job for Elmg with the EHTC was co-directing with Cherry *A Branch of Anabapt* a revised adaptation from William Defil's autobiographical novel with book and additional lyrics by Don Blotto and music and lyrics by Peter Fraser. With much doubting, up the cast included John Kennedy in the lead, Peter Adams, Syd Constance, Brian Young and John Deenan. For the production it was pretty powerful and might have soon appeared today, if revised. At the time there seemed to be a lot lacking. It dealt with the psychiatric care of a juvenile delinquent, he watched upbringing in unstable conditions, his journey and eventually leading a gang of hoodlums, sex parties, acts of violence, and criminal reform.

Elmg followed the musical with two Murray Scheraga plays, *The Flyer* and *The Piper*, the cast consisting of Brian Young and John Blain. It was extremely well done.

That came a revival of the Sophocles *Antigone* the title role this time being taken by John Blain, with Whaley as Creon and Brian Young, Peter Adams and Michael Lawrence also in the cast.

In August came the news that Cherry had been appointed Foundation Professor of Drama at the new Flinders University in Adelaide, taking up his position early the following year. At the time Cherry indicated that plans were being made to secure the co-operation of the EHTC. Today Cherry says that the appointment was all according to schedule, that he never intended remaining with the company more than four or five years. It is hard to believe that someone so dedicated to a company to be undoubtedly was could have thought along those lines.

At the point Whaley seemed to be in charge of operations.

September saw an anthology of readings based on the matriculation syllabus for schools in 1964. Visited material was read by Genda Macdonald, Sandra Page, Beverly Dain and Wyn Roberts, effectively staged with some outstanding lighting effects by Whaley. It was a very exhilarating evening.

Last production of the year — and indeed of the company as it turned out — was a political revue *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Front* staged by Whaley and monitoring attempt to cast David Spurling and Gena Tomcaine. Cherry an impressive line-up of contributors, who included Philip Adams, David Williamson, and Michael Roddy, it was a very well received.

For some months there had been rumours of the company being very much in the red, of Cherry getting out and leaving Whaley to clear up the mess. Today Cherry says it very rarely ended the other way round, that at one time it looked as if Robin Ramsay would take over, leaving the company's goodwill. Whaley's side of the story I have been unable to obtain.

As Cherry now admits, one of the main reasons for the company's failure to attract support was its location in an out-of-the-way place like South Melbourne, had a poor location in the area of the university, things might have been very much different.

One wonders how many of the talented companies of today could have lasted (not years as the EHTC did) without these subsidies. As John Sumner once said to me: 'Subsidies make it possible to buy standards — and standards help to build audiences.'

The Victorian Government could have assisted — but its drama grants were channelled to Gertrude Johnson's amateur, intellectual and society-oriented National Theatre Movement.

Approaches were made to the ABTT as far back as December 1961 and early in 1962 the Trust, through John Sumner, offered a maximum guarantee of \$300 for certain productions and in fact two productions did receive \$300 in 1963. Then in September the ABTT agreed to pay a director's salary of \$1,000 which Cherry accepted and even made sure a wage in the company funds. By the middle of 1964 the salary was reduced, and then ceased. It was re-instated in February 1965 until the close of the company.

No other subsidies were granted to the EHTC. It apparently missed out the last part to the Adams' budget, box office admissions such as they were and relied upon donations. Looking back one wonders just how the EHTC did achieve the standards it did. Members of the company all studied in and undertook all types of jobs set construction, stage management, office work and it was true dedication.

Apart from the productions mentioned, there were frequent Sunday night performances from the Rex Road (Dance) Players and Sunday afternoon concerts from folk singer Gena Tomcaine. A handful of Australian plays did receive staged rebroadcast on Sunday nights, in association with the MTC.

The company's last production was in November 1966. *La Morte* opened in August 1967, and led to the formation of the Australian Performing Group.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 13)

Running actor workshops at beginner and advanced levels.

Conducting a Residential Summer-school of Drama using local and imported staff, cultural as well as workshop production.

Mounting productions of *Summer of the 17th Day* (1750 persons during its 4 night season) and *The Sound of Music* (3,500 persons during its 2 week season).

A long Shakespearean Revue is currently in production. The 'management' has been deemed to coincide with the Civic Theatre's (its birthday) celebrations. This will be followed by *Don's Party*.

Due to public and City Council negative, the programme has now been extended for a further six months i.e. till January 1970, at which time it is hoped the professional company may be a reality. However, it is anticipated that the Summer-school Programme would continue alongside as 'professional counterpoint'.

Future Summer-school productions include *Was Once Don*, *Beau-Séjour* and possibly *The Merry-go-round*. With the exception of *The Day*, which toured here in the late 1950s, none of the plays in the programme have previously been seen in Townsville.

The other development is the establishment of the 'Summer-school Youth Programme' (12-20 year olds) under the patronage of Mr Gerry Lomas. This comprises a series of courses in theatre arts, and three productions to be presented at the Civic Theatre. The first of the planned productions is *Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

I feel the City Council and Theatre Management are to be congratulated for their support of Summer-school.

Bob Perkins
Director
Summer-school Program,
Townsville, Qld.

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John Romeril began writing plays at Monash University, one (*Chicago, Chicago* 1970) was published by Penguin, another (*If Don't Know Who To Feel Sorry For* 1969) by Currency. In 1968 he joined the La Mama group which was later to become the APG Collective, of which he remains a member. His masterpiece to date is *The Floating World* (1974).

John Romeril

TELEVISION, CAPITALISM, DEATH, THE THEATRE AND ME: EVIDENCE BEFORE THE HOUSE OF UN-AUSTRALIAN ACTIVITIES DAY ONE.



John Romeril. Photo Ruth Maddison

The art we make is produced under capitalism and so must, when you do it well be done through with capitalism. If it isn't apparent at the level of production it will be obvious at the level of distribution. If it's too obvious at the point of distribution it's implicit in the act of consumption too. Everything you make will be made of and in kind, therefore for and by a capitalist society. Everything around you, everything you see, touch, smell, hear, feel will come capitalism, will become capitalism, will represent capitalism, will reproduce capitalism.

True, it's late capitalism, a capitalism I've had



Linda Harrison and Cherie Dennis in *Adriatic's Moonbeams*. Photo Ruth Maddison.

growing so unfavourable. In eventually exposing nature as proving a threat not only to the people it captures and destroys (that the globe has to the survival of the planet itself). On the verge of collapse it survives on desperate, irrational manoeuvres, on a declining ability to create and satisfy false needs, on war, waste, misadventure and the loss of diminishing returns. In other words, it's very much alive.

True, looked at the brilliant chaos and confusion of our culture you can glimpse the possibility of a new order, a new civilisation, a new way of doing, being, seeing, feeling. But it isn't something you imagine yourself suddenly walking into two doors down.

Over centuries of economic miracles, once a great leap forward in humanised and productive capacity, capitalism is in the ditch, yet — and this is my point — the reality of the culture in which it exists is still a total. Like water to a fish, capitalism is in its element — it's the way we live, work, breathe and feel in. Even the class war is fought on terms decided by our masters and the huge social inequalities they keep right up to us. The contradictions of all the for nature, especially more radicals like myself and the APG, it's in us too.

I remember this.

For a long time every Tuesday night my father left by work looking like *Abdell el Abdell* and *Castello* in a check comfort shirt — a barber's job who carried a soapstone instead of an axe. Square dancing was the go — being the Sunday *Elverson* outfit. You could tell what was keeping the boys happy by the theme my father wore.

Monday the shirt was white. He had ranc, white shirts (not a bank manager). They looked large — hanging from the kitchen door, from the bathroom towel rail, from his wardrobe. The pants were red, the slippers too, the Italian rubbers. When I think of my mother I think of her stoning what must have been 750 white shirts what must have been 5000 trousers.

Then the shirts turned blue and pink and television had begun its long march into 97% of the nation's households. Television was it's return to.

Only lately have I become conscious of being part of a show for family. We weren't the

Stanton Lamonds or the Toppans or a circus family intent on transferring skills from generation to generation but somehow I've ended up exactly the kind of creature about my father was, as a producer, a stage director in the belly of the dream machine. Like I am part of an escape total grouping where money under capitalism is considerable, where money will continue until the revolution comes, and after that well whoever has time to think about it.

For decades it's been hard not to feel that a distorted economic system has — argument one — shown us the way out of this system's business cycle war. The entertainment industry is easy to be volatile in construction (*Manfred* or *Monty Python*) Harry M. Miller as a real shift in *New* from total composition (actors, dancers and type). The first harvest — subject to the vagaries of the season — is out as uncertain as up and down as back. You open your door. You come you go. You are you still. A check of the times when shift in the art market, the boom and bust of show has plays up and down your central nervous system like you were in play and the go was the disease state of *The Trencher*.

And eventually that's the story of my father's life. Every day he was asked work. The *Trencher* — they pulled a down. *The Poles de France* — taken out into the number of eight's a special television read? *Sweeney* Up got read in Melbourne. Tonight got the ship. Would the life and Education Department give him the job security others had and he lacked? Would that confirm success of handstands, violin, jazz, chess and his to brought to a put and happy conclusion? Would he get 'dances'? No. He had thirty years in the trade but no mainstream English. Small wonder my father the situation was one Charles Parker could show the audience, necessity of his profession.

And who in fact is — who in fact could be? Director, writer, producer, designer, musician, actor, dancer — if they don't get rates out by having an equal money the fear of having no regular money gets them.

My father was good enough to land pilot jobs. He played long stretches with the biggest dance bands in Melbourne. He pulled along to a director's work in television. Always wanted to

wouldn't be bad, over the long haul, work the equivalent of everybody else's four-hour week. We lived in the suburbs. We wanted to get through a car every four or five years. We sent parents to a *mother* family. All the trappings of a middle-class existence were gone — the maid, both the car and the reality in the reality of the life in Australian social circles. The rest is day passed when my father went off to work by the entire knowledge that someday someone would pull the pin on it all. And I've in six times, anybody did. Because that's how he.

For my father for me to most areas, the pressure of constant work finding and keeping a job was encouraged by the uncertainty of having it. An example of what I mean is the way of the fact that the most serious regular dependency on my father over worked and he, worried in his western point was also the external most irregular, less dependable job in the business. During his frequent hotel hours and when you work his car, all you can do is playing any ball, a my home, was worse in Melbourne — and the surrounding countryside. You play to wherever you're never played with and measure, not at played with anyone. Melbourne, you'll have to come for someone, who'll cover for your busy. And my father might spend on that career in an career in occupational representation, in making it happen anyway, possibly no matter what. The demands that make of a human being a two-dimensional creature — the risk of psychic damage, loss. For people always something. My father was a lot of them.

When someone is not that into production, people still on your own own energy and can administer like a black hole conditions there. Maybe it's always, but maybe it's always like that, someone the you have the page, in the book the points, of the involvement the life — when something that wasn't suddenly a. When someone is not that into production that page, the book, the risk the page of a has someone has become, for anyone, a thing of loss and feeling. And what this happens to all her father loses — the fear that what they make the most common and the next and the next will not be good enough to guarantee their livelihood — work which is a steady loss in applying the law of commodity production in artistic creation makes the mechanism of art recognition.

In the final analysis, art has no social utility at all. Call it ideology-forming, social instrument, social instrument — the fact is, though, somebody on a street island and ask them to choose between having Eric Wright call twice once a day with Saturday of the Room, or Ted the barman once a day with a lot of Dutch whiskey and you know what the answer will be. Life doesn't depend on art — it depends on life and under capitalism that connection has become glaringly transparent. The process of commodification works, well with coal and baked beans because

so much when people will need coal and baked beans. But even capitalism, can do nothing to change the fact that people, concerns, are because they want to eat because they need to.

It makes little of any use there, like a pot, as a source, like professional, or a source through a bit of idea turning it into a product. That can be bought and sold only market doesn't really concern of their own producers and producers even more aware that art is something they can pick up or put down. As never before, artists have understood that such vulnerability the consequences of their position is society a process which does nothing for them and everything for the consequences when market their production is a commodity only and capital is attached to consciousness — the price attraction is a devalued labor force that isn't itself at risk and is prepared to cup the consequences.

The pain heart attack which saw my father back to the production industry power, then of his short story and he was occasionally abused. Other things helped — the way the dream room — but the dream, economy of being a professional musician was, to him, a fact. From an early age, money grew in his arteries like a monkey in the veins of a jelly. You could see a cutting from away, having been pursued, later, rather, mostly. Having made him a serious money machine, men in family concerned that. He became, one of capitalism's market, another place to invest the capital loss.

I once would never let my father see the life in what it did to him. What someone and deprives me now in the relevance of the work I had myself being, away, as he was — giving to only — as hard to live with — as exhausted. Despite differences of race, place, a product of skill and philosophy, I've found no terms that I can, but none — my father's, my.

As we climbed up there, years in the business and after a night, it was the law of capitalist economy, which underpins all — even public sector — as production and destruction and consumption are together, then we finally realize. The dream machine grows on the degradation of those who attempt to defy its laws as it is a system of those who accept them. The line is separate. The second is explicit. Having played radical, I mean that to my father's self-sufficiency, conservative, but for a decade, only lately have I come to get together, asked the lack is, how much of an individual, hopelessness.

I'm sure the hope will be played in the theatre, then in the space of one who is human and wants to join the other side. It will be to liberate the statement opening of what my father the market of the fact, Ronald Emerson Stock Exchange. Subject to regulation, it will operate over afternoon a week in the Press Fantasy. I shall use it to that only my own support and hope that the APG and others on the platform will make use of the factors, I myself. — because the entertainment industry, purely, much such a service — it is more popular, much

concentrations and funding bodies and to ensure a loss of gambling for the general public. As long as the beginning, the medium of industry will be taken up with in the next case there will offer a number of stories. These can be taken up by people to put just before it will. The statement of that labour will be reduced at the time of the offer and when the project you have a stake in your industry. It seems an interesting way to take while some form.

Informing that decision in the southern experience of my father's working life and more. It was during *The Rake's Progress* when I began to see that capitalism would go on as early as a job, but a decade, five performers a video bank and myself were improving a show and creating it was a paradox of how I felt it, the theatre should work and in fact more of the way it is always hard to work. It should have been a positive life of living experience. It is damned, can physically and mentally that the game started to seem fairly worth the trouble. As an actor and today to be only to have I started to recall what the early days of rehearsal had been like in my father. Each day he and the collective he was a part of would put on their own work. That was not a self-progressive production, but the kind of which he was a member would be relevant, forward, going down, maybe twenty minutes, work of student parody. The day would be working three or four dozen members — again, per day. Kennedy and Newton and Elton, wherever else would be preparing what — all, where right, some stories — and as for the life, the better, they worked out of themselves, someone, where that came from, then have not been plenty. Dearest and much would be going up and getting down. Finding building, learning up, maybe in as twelve with you show. Christ would be playing lights — camera, move — at the life, television — the more incredible medium was invented — and being, invented, day after day after day.

The present may have been someone and put — simple that the fact, my father was subject to the ruthless managerial techniques of the Platoon — a could not have been all that different to the daily, but from years in cross that life in the APG has always been. The principles of worker control that we have learned have, in short, done little to ease the fact that in the end what you get down to is a group of people heading it through on the floor, under even more pressures to produce and at great cost to their mental and physical well-being. For that we're to be kept down to think and put down, when it's going to go away. While we have not learned the costs and the value of production material — and even where the advances have not been starting — distribution and management we have had up and control over. Nor do we look like having any. As over the social movements around us, don't say it called otherwise, managers in the area. Such we're in the end, in the end.

Graeme Murphy on *Rumours*, William Shoubridge on Modern Dance

DANCE EXTRA

Graeme
Murphy

CHOREOGRAPHING *RUMOURS*

"A choreographer reveals so much of himself in rehearsal and so little of himself on stage"

How does a choreographer arrive at the second-best formula — the tight combination of music, choreography, design, cast and choreography? There is probably no such formula, and if the results of a work are good it's most likely to be from a mixture of good luck and a choice of subject matter, a complementary musical score and a great deal of chance, the most exciting and real elements for me.

The toughest challenge in the writing of a concept like my new trilogy *Almanac* is the possibility that ideas will not gel, that what you have tried to convey does not come across, that the results may be way off mark as terms of audience expectations and narrative perspective.

I always have doubts. Sometimes a concept comes along which is so compelling that the images stream from the wealth of subject matter in your toolbox. For the ballet *Pussy Rumours* is different in that the inspiration comes only from my personal revelations and not from an existing subject. Yet the limited believability may be very unlike the role usually pursued. I never came in a day's rehearsal with the steps worked out, the form yes, but no steps. The work has to grow out and from the dancers, their creative ideas, and things that go wrong in rehearsal are often stressed and developed. Good things can happen this way and of course that involved dance will suggest something.

I am a first-time choreographer so that I have my own company. Most of the dancers are new, their third year with The Dance Company, so I now am so I know there will not be any accustomed to working together. Sometimes things never go quite as a result of this, they come to get better. It is certainly easy for me to cast a work, but that always causes me to create misgivings. Dancers can often compare me with a complex change of style, character and outlook and a choreographer must be able to grasp and exploit this. With *Almanac* for instance, when we started the Lucy Lane theatre series last year, the dancers first took over their characters and the work evolved fairly quickly. We worked very hard on the scenes while on tour and everyone really had a chance because we decided to show it in Halle 111. At the last minute we had inquiries for

Company and our dancers had a slight change in roles, while another character had to be completely deleted. The good thing about the dancers in the Company is the way they can adjust quickly to a problem — most good professionals can do this.

The choice of music for an idea can be a joy or a troublesome thing. With *Pussy* it was a great experience in that the score was

reminiscent from Carl Vine with whom I had worked successfully before, exactly I think of *2nd* and it literally grew with the choreography. I know where the music was coming from and I believed as Carl. I think it's generally known that in some instances like the *Tempest* Act I Carl would complete music before I started any choreography and alternatively with a section like the death of



Andrea Barto as the young Carl in *Rumours*

Photo: Michael Cook

Graeme Murphy: Choreographing *Rumours*

DANCE EXTRA

Altogether, *Flamenco* is actually choreographed in silence. That would come in with a stopwatch and take notes during rehearsal so that later, when the music starts, it was an extra dimension for the whole effect we were getting in that score. I enjoyed it immensely. Although it was more training, you still never fully possess the finished work or its score, and we don't really know if *Flamenco* would work until it all came together. Of course, the inclusion design idea — design is an ongoing score and more important in *The Night Company*.

The design for a new project, as well as the lighting, the costumes made or broke it, plus when it gets to a stage. As a choreographer, I often tend to work with a complete range picture of mind, even down to the detail of a lighting effect which I know will help to strengthen the moment. With *Lady Jane Beach* in *Flamenco*, we took a marvelous combination of lighting design, sets and costumes. Alan Osbald's designs have been very important to the development of *Flamenco*. It is the first time I have worked on a

big project with an artist and enjoyed the luxury of detailed drawings for costumes and scenery in advance of the finished ballet. Now to envision the inspiration that came to people like Alan generally.

For *Flamenco* I asked to find already existing music to fit the ideas I had developed for a work that is really a series of personal impressions of life and people in Sydney. I wanted to create these different and distinct moments in a full evening's work and I wanted the music, as well as the overall theme, to be the trailer.

I often try to use an Australian composer in a situation like this and I try to listen to a lot of contemporary Australian music although occasionally a piece of music demands to be used and then the origin becomes irrelevant.

With *Flamenco* I had, in the very early stages, fairly definite ideas for the general and third versions and I wanted to do *Lady Jane Beach* first. I was very pleased with Australian composer Barry Conyngham's *Five Windows* for this as it already had in the music, the exact mood that I wanted and a sense of heat.

Conyngham's music had been used previously by our *Flamenco* choreographer, Graham Watson, for his work *Wier ...* *Flamenco*. First, nonetheless I was nervous when *Lady Jane* saw the *Lady Jane Beach* score as it was '70. I felt he could have been disappointed in the way I'd used the piece, or obviously *Lady Jane Beach* had not been his inspiration for the composition. He was very complimentary and we discussed almost immediately the possibility of using other than Conyngham pieces for the trilogy. Barry was very helpful and gave me a list of short works to consider as well as commenting several times about pieces which he felt could go well together.

Ultimately, I used four different Barry Conyngham works. Six, for the opening scenes, *Flamenco* and for *Corroing* for the final scenes and, of course, *Five Windows* for *Lady Jane Beach*.

As *Corroing* too had been an obvious choice for me as it had the same kind of quality that I was looking for the old people in the final scenes of *Flamenco*. When I started to choreograph to *Five Windows* I found that the choreography set up the music very quickly as I was working with the largest movement of old age. I wanted the first door for the old couple to dominate during the last act and I chose *Flamenco* to suggest my general ideas on old age in a background in the past or distant. Throughout *Flamenco* I have worked continuously, working the actions. I felt I must choreograph when I felt ready and able to write them, rather than pressing with a notion that was giving me problems. This is an approach to choreography as a method I have used quite frequently, especially with works of a longer duration. Eventually, when you bring it all together and it seems to work, that is the beginning of the most exciting time because the dancers too start to see it as a whole and become more involved in the feeling of the work.

I enjoyed the flexibility of contemporary dance — the fact that things can be modified or completely changed as long as they are being performed. The work only becomes static when it is no longer as significant or when it is created by the rules or routines.

Normally I do not make radical changes, believing that when the first thoughts are taken to the realm of the original concepts. With *Five Gates for Harry* for instance, I feel the work has taken on the particular qualities of the first version for which it was created. It is now so much their work as it is mine and I would not consider changing it.

Completing *Flamenco* has in some ways been more difficult than bringing *Pippin* to the stage. With the latter there were definite myths, facts and plans to be adhered to — an artistic discipline. With *Flamenco*, the reasons that I care to spend are purely my own. That for me sets up Sydney — they are my own personal experiences. There are no books to be read on the major physical, social or geographical aspects of this city that would in any way be relevant to my dance concepts as one finds a sense of isolation in the work. During creation I sometimes had to consider possible dangers with a too revealing personal reference of Sydney. I often feel a choreographer remains so much of himself in rehearsal and so little of himself on stage. This I believe is the reason for the incredible bond between the dancer and the choreographer and perhaps occasionally, the distance between the work and the audience. The audience can sense they are missing out on the most precious part of the work — the creation.



Joan Valentin and Emma McArthur in the final scenes of the *Lady Jane Beach* set in *Flamenco*. Photo: Michael Cook.

William
Shoubridge

EXCHANGE AND COMPANY

"Increasingly 'modernism', has become equated with a movement towards minimalism, to what the art form and it alone can do particularly well"

The word "modern" dance is a problematical one. Like nearly all literary terms connected with the arts. There are so many definitions of what "modern" actually encompasses.

"The distinguishing feature of modern art", wrote André Malraux, "is that it never tells a story". A far simplified phrase but essential enough to serve as an axiom. Modern art, according to these modernist views is a retreat from the idea that art is obligated to represent anything other than itself and a skepticism about the aesthetic property of representing experience in the form of a "story".

Inasmuch as the past fifteen years or so, "modernism" especially in the plastic arts, has become equated with a conversion towards minimalism — a parsing down of such art forms to what is and a stress can do particularly well. The essence of the dance is, of course, the arrangement of the human body in motion, in space and time, according to the modernist aesthetic, everything extraneous — dance characteristics, costume and story — must be progressively eliminated.

Maria Graham is consistently counted as the founder along with Ruth St Denis of "modern dance". But Maria Graham doesn't fit into this abbreviated category of "modernism", nearly all her works, from *Chorevogue*, *Apollonian Spring* and *Medea* in the latter *Symphonic Dialogue* and *Lucifer* all stories, characterizations, music and dance are important to them, and what is always apparent in her concept is the human, dramatic content. Graham's modernism was more specific in encompassing a different and historic entered movement vocabulary. It wasn't one of course (it has always been a combination of precise dance but her sense of weight, gravity and tension was a reversal of classical, it was "free" only so far as Western classical dance was concerned).

Yet even the segment falls down. In 1924 George Balanchine created *Apollo* and in a far, far many of the so-called trademarks of Graham's style long before they became her trademarks, such things as contraction, the arch of Apollo and isolations the dance of the three Moons. Balanchine has even gone on to create a great body of works without the central component, a only music and the arrangement of bodies in space — *Apollon Musagade*, *Symphonic in C* and so on. So, if we are to fail as with the definition of "modernism equals minimalism" the truly modern choreographer of the century is Balanchine and the disciples of Maria Graham are confounded.

In 1933, one year after the creation of *Apollo*, George y Guller published his major essay on what he saw as the basic trademarks of 20th century art, *The Dehumanization of the Work*. "Preoccupation with the human content of the work", wrote Ortega "is in principle incompatible with artistic enjoyment, proper". He stated that the goal of

"dehumanization" is to create an environment for perceptions in which the act of seeing is substituted by feeling and in the sense he advocated feeling.

Applied to the dance, that means that what is reported is a total substitution of the dancer's personality to the formal demands of the work. No dramatic agonizing, just clear efficient execution of a pre-determined choreographic plan.

Applied to a dance audience that means the substitution of expectations and the acceptance of the performance as its own photographic event. An audience must not be caught so personally or emotionally in the work before it can miss that it "is" before that what it is. That of course is almost impossible to achieve for the simple reason that they are too closely focused to admit the enormous scope and divergence of Art. Audiences will always react emotionally to such abstract forms of music or dance, they will always delight in their own emotions.

But the core art of dance, like that of music, is essentially abstract, it will not render its emotional "message". What may tell has the universal arrangement of sounds or the three dimensional arrangement of lines to do with emotions? That kind of Art is beautiful like a man, you can admire it deeply and have

feelings about it, but you cannot project your emotions onto it. So what are all these abstract musings leading to? To a last and heavily thought for appreciation understanding and acceptance of the goals and systems of thought of the Dance Exchange a small, loosely knit group of dancers dedicated to widening the parameters and fringes of the dance here in Australia.

The Dance Exchange gave one performance at the Dance Week of the Sydney Festival (with two more to come in Sydney later this year) and it was truly instructive to watch both that performance and the reactions it evoked from the audience which brings a being young and intelligent definitely not your basic Opera House type audience at all, were largely negative and confused. It became apparent to me that the audience of such groups as the Dance Exchange have an uphill climb ahead of them in this country.

In New York of course, the aesthetic is almost old hat. That city has been through the experience of the Open Theatre and Joe Goetz's Living Theatre and the radical cavalry of the Judex.

Minimalist Chinese dance experiments, and lately the open-minded native born masters of choreographer Robert Wilson. But here in Australia, pioneering something like the Dance Exchange's *Study III* to current audiences is like giving *Parade* a whole lot to recognize what



David Huxford and Russell Donnan in Dance Exchange's *Creative Balance*

Shoubridge — A Modern Dance: Exchange and Company

Jacqueline Mulhallen

FOCUS ON

FINLAND

Finland shares with Australia an ethnically diverse, large tract of unshrubbed country, a sparse and scattered rural population. A country slightly larger than New Zealand, it has a population of five million, but boasts three pro professional theatres, many of them with two stages making fifty seven in all. A large theatre centre of 20,000 people supports a theatre, perhaps two and the capital city, Helsinki, with only half a million, has seven theatres. Although the Swedish speaking Finns make up only 7% of the population, there are five professional Swedish theatres. There are also over 400 amateur groups. Most Finns, therefore, are involved in some way with the theatre, and provide an efficient and active audience rhetorically speaking.

The modern Finnish theatre owes its strength to the workers' movements of the 19th century which started workers' educational centres and workers' theatres. An upsurge of national feeling with writers beginning to write in Finnish and becoming aware of the strength of their own tradition, ensured that the theatre became national as well as popular in the true sense of the word. It has in my judgement a healthy history of an aesthetic value. There was never any exclusive coast theatre since there never was a Finnish king.

All theatres are subsidised to some extent by the State and each one subsidises its own theatre about 50% of their income from the Committee of the works in which they are based. Only 2% of actors are out of work against a national unemployment figure of 1%. Finnish theatres are certainly theatre with generous companies. An actor signs a contract for two years with an option for renewal on his part. There is no such thing as an actors' union in Finland. Actors are employed directly from theatre school or at least of course. When directors are recruited in these companies they have around other theatres watching actors work. Actors have security of employment,

prostate, salaries benefits and two months' holiday a year. They do not, however, get well paid unless they work in film or television. Directors, who belong to another more efficient union (The Theatre Workers' Union) get slightly better paid and most are unemployed.

No theatre worker in Finland, however, claims that things are perfect. Some directors feel that the effect of the security of employment and poor pay for actors in the theatre encourages the better ones to be concentrated in Helsinki, where there is more chance of film or television, leaving the provincial theatres with actors whose contracts they have to cancel whenever they want to or not. The provincial regulatory system does ensure that a company has to go and to

"The more avant-garde or rebellious a theatre is ... the less likely is it to receive subsidy"

working together and explore the potential of the state providing the infrastructure (type of building that results from the overworked market of the commercial theatre). A more obvious problem is that of finance. In contrast with the rest of the western world, Finland has been going through economic difficulties and more difficult to find a difficult to manage on their subsidies which the Government has become reluctant to increase. Financial difficulties can also result in political ones. Many theatres are finding the subsidy are bringing political pressure to bear on what they perform. The town councilmen want a right of veto if not of choice, of the plays and even of the staff of the theatre.

Finland does need a determined Minister of the Arts who could carry through the legislation to extend the theatrical coverage of the country. The response of the people in the

rural areas shows that it is not only desirable but necessary.

Yet Finland's very problems show that it is far more successful in its thinking about theatre than many other, and richer, countries which have not yet even accepted the idea that theatre should be available to everyone, regardless of economic or geographic situation, far from having a Helsinki-based Committee to discuss the question. Australia, with many similar problems, would do well to consider the Finnish model. The strong support for the theatre from people in every walk of life in Finland shows that it need not be merely a middle class urban minority interest, but can be a vital concern for the community of the whole and Finnish solutions to problems of performing in remote and small populations show that these problems can be overcome.

Perhaps the most influential theatre in Finland is Tampere Workers' Theatre, since most of the directors in the country have spent some time working there. The present director, Lasse Pyykkö, is a very well respected and well known actor and director. The theatre is now housed in a historic building, next door to the Town Museum in Tampere. The theatre is owned by workers' societies, but is one of the theatres designated to become completely state subsidised. A new theatre building is being planned which should be used for equally by the town of Tampere and by the State. It will be extremely important and exciting to work on. It can be reconstructed as a matter of hours from a permanent stage to an actors' theatre or an Elizabethan stage by removing seats and one of the several different levels. The present theatre has a large and a small stage.

Lasse Pyykkö divides the repertoire into three parts. One consists of plays directly about workers, their history, daily life and problems, with a strong political content. Another is light entertainment and comedy plays of the type of play popular in Finland based on 19th century life (sometimes stockish which they call "folk" comedy). Tampere Workers' Theatre has made



Surrealistic, Glass House at the Helsinki Kuvateatteri.
Photo: Kari Pyykkö/Päättömäinen.

International

annual reviews of two of these plays, which are popular among older people. Lars Poppa feels he has no obligation to put on the kind of entertainment for an older audience, especially as a further third of his repertoire is devoted to avant-garde plays and performances of the classics. He wants, however, to raise the quality of present-day Finnish drama, which has been, in the recent past, poorly written and clumsily conceived with total life "in language, perhaps, of some writer or political figure with twenty different attitudes".

Ragnar Alftfors, a middle director of a large theatre of almost national importance, the Swedish Theatre Helsinki. He was only appointed a year ago, but has already given the Swedish Theatre a completely new image instead of performing the opera as for which it was formerly well known, but whose repertoire included very original and provocative *A Doll's House*, *The Cherry Orchard*, *Long Day's Journey into Night* and *The Tempest* of the Shrew. Like Lars Poppa, Ragnar Alftfors is concerned in encouraging Finnish writers, though, of course, in the Swedish language. During the season 1989 there will be two plays by new Finnish-Swedish writers in the repertoire. Ragnar Alftfors uses freelance directors and stage designers, so there is a constant freshness about the productions.

Oulu is a smaller and more provincial town than Helsinki or Tampere, although it is the largest town in Northern Finland and used to be a Hanseatic port. The Oulu City Theatre started some forty years ago and absorbed some of the action from the Western Theatre, which continues to perform, but with smaller status. Akseli Kivi's play *Village Children* was performed here for 100 years ago and Timo Ojala directed it for Akseli Kivi's centenary. The City Theatre is very new, only built in 1973. It has a hydraulic stage, computerised lighting and a very modern sound system. The lower stage is very deep and the back could be used for films, but as they have not been able to afford the right kind of projector. Unfortunately, the view of the audience is obscured from the sides in certain places, so they can never use the whole area as a stage for itself.

Timo Ojala came to Oulu from Joensuu, where he directed *Christmas Child*. It is a play about the death of the youth set in North Karelia, a modern Finnish city and *Village Children*, an Oulu film director Clifford Odus. *A Doll and King* for the small stage. But Ojala is not any director who does solely very much from interference by the town council who not only want to raise plays but have money

attempted to make a political appointment on the staff.

The Director of Vasa Theatre, Tarmo-Bert Oksanen, wants to attract a young audience in Vasa, which is an old established town with a sizable Swedish speaking population very uninterested with some good modern architecture and fairly serious. Although he thinks it is quite old, as compared to Oulu, and the actors' dressing rooms are extremely cramped, there is a friendly atmosphere and Oksanen wishes to make Vasa much more than a provincial town. He is himself very much influenced by theatre in Finland and the USSR — the production I saw which was of a Swedish Finnish classic, had recognizable costumes of Spain. The lyrics is covered with pictures from all over parts of Finland and from Europe, and the company has toured the USSR.

In the repertoire are quite a number of "folk" plays, but he tries to do them in a completely new way. In the 1977/78 season they performed a new play by a modern Finnish writer, Lauri Lankinen, and a traditional "folk" play which were both being directed in a style using the techniques and action taking place on two levels. They were also performing *Remembrance* and had a mixture in their repertoire of songs and poems by Henrik Wadell. *A Doll's House* was often used, the contemporary, although it is not yet established sufficiently to do so. Because of this they cannot lose it often as they would like, although their audience come up to them after the performance and beg them to come again soon.

Kajanus is one of the towns where the theatre has become an officially touring theatre. It is an old town of some 30,000 inhabitants with a castle built in the 17th century to guard Sweden's entrance from the Russians. The theatre itself is a delightful old wooden building, a former city hall which has been attractively and tastefully converted. At present people from the country come down to Kajanus and ask them to bring a play on tour which has already been performed in Kajanus, one of the changes in the new system will bring will be that the theatre will go to one of these smaller towns and have a premiere there. The plays which have usually been performed have been classical and "folk" plays and plays about local history but they are trying to do more modern and relevant work and at present are working on a production of *Dante's Purgatory*. We won't pay? We won't pay? is one case with the large sum whereby they should be able to employ more local artists

these opportunities and be relatively free from interference from the town.

Apart from these metropolitan city theatres, there are in Finland a number of other theatre houses in "the theatre" which operate on a very small budget, with a minimum of props and scenery and use the whole of Finland. These houses are playgrounds, kindergartens, schools, libraries or workers' centres or assembly halls. In 1985, they were responsible for 14% of all Finnish professional drama, and about 50% of children's theatre. They are subsidised directly by the State, but most theatre receive a subsidy also from the towns in which they are based and several of the touring theatres have a theatre building of their own in a particular town.

Arto Halonen is the youngest director with the Helsinki City Theatre. Last year he directed a brilliant, if unorthodox, production of Moliere's *Le Misanthrope*. He likes working with the City Theatre because he can direct classical in modern 1988 in directed Halonen but he is a supporter of the hermeneutic methods of the large metropolitan theatres, even though he himself is fairly independent since his *Misanthrope* was such a success. In summer 1979, Halonen and a group of some of the best actors from all over Finland formed a company, financed by a bank loan to put on a summer theatre play, *Play IV* which was very exciting theatrically. At Halonen, who was the director, would like to continue working in this way which he feels gives him maximum freedom.

The danger as it appears in Finland at present is that the City Theatres are financially dependent on town councils which within their annual freedom, some of the members of the town go committees which decide the policy of the theatres are hardly professionally qualified people. The directors who are working in them want to see badly in having sympathetic or at least tolerant councils. The latter means public or educational theatre is, politically or aesthetically, the less likely they are to receive their subsidy, and these pressures make it all the more difficult to wait this sort of money alone.

This unenviable political interference does compromise the workings of the Arts Council system, but it is to be hoped that it is neither a necessary nor a permanent part of Finnish drama life. With good directors engaging over the question the consequent drop in standards may result in changes. It is, in any case, worth noting that the argument is about how theatre subsidies should be used, and not about whether theatres should be subsidised at all.



Clifford Odus looks at the Helsinki Kaupunginteatteri Photo: Kari Pyykkönen, Finlandia

Improved revivals; Don, Merry Widow, Mastersingers, and G and S.

The second half of this year's summer season at the Sydney Opera House consisted of three revivals, but the overall impression of the company's repertoire department was more than offset by the standard of performance department.

All three of the productions involved were being seen in Sydney for the second consecutive year, and the only significant cast change was the Sydney premiere of John Pople in the title role of *Don Giovanni* at the OperaHouse/Technique production which first saw the light of day last year.

Having seen Pople several times before at the Don, including twice last year in the production before his Sydney opening starring James Morris. I have no hesitation in saying that my personal highlight of this particular summer season was the improvement in his portrayal of one of the most, and most classically difficult, baritone roles of all opera.

His Don Giovanni would perhaps even now seem too low key and refined to those who had seen only a Morris, or his at the role. I found it thoroughly convincing. Physically, of course, Morris is larger than life, though he lacks the perhaps excessive and all the more subtle seduction by Pople at the start of the champagne scene toward the end of Act I. Visually too, Morris cast a higher profile. His performance last year was memorable, and he was well worth bringing to Australia on a way to make himself otherwise.

But Pople's Don Giovanni this year was a major step forward in the development of this particular man as artist. His Don cast a less imposing vocal shadow through an audience, less physically overpowering, but in a way that is no fault for us in doing it equates more proximity to the real world, peopled as it is so overwhelmingly by much more naive and less of ordinary physical dimensions.

Pople is an excellent singer and actor who suffers from a tendency to be always obviously Pople on stage, but at his maturest in a role he has an uncanny way of gradually making a live one. This has happened over the years since 1971 with his Count in *The Marriage of Figaro* — a character he has already topped made all he craves it through the parts of his own. Likewise, as a lesser name, with his Papageno in *The Magic Flute* though he has of course shared this role with Russell Macgregor.

But of the three major Mozart baritone roles I am talking about — the Count, Papageno and the Don — the Don is the biggest and by far the most complex. Indeed, *Don Giovanni* differs from all the other "big five" Mozart operas in

that its success as the theatre depends so heavily on one individual's performance, rather than an assembly of more or less equals. I found last year's Pople Don Giovanni insufficiently flamboyant, lacking humor, intensity, noble, overbearing, underbearing, overwrought, and all of which qualities, and more too, are revealed at one point or another in the first designer's kaleidoscope of a stage personality that is Don Giovanni.

This summer's performance was not all that spectacularly different in these general concepts, but they emphasized the Don's over-changing moods and fancies, just that sufficient extra bit so the character dominated the performance in the way it ought. Pople had become Don Giovanni in the way he previously had become the Count.

All of which is not to imply that he alone was responsible for the success of this summer's revival of *Don Giovanni* for even if this is a typically non-ensemble Mozart master opera, it is far from a castless opera. Great support was forthcoming from Noel Warren-Smith's Leporello as dominantly and vocally fine an interpretation of the role as I have yet encountered. The rest of the cast were very good without being exceptional, except for Gregory Yarnish's Masetto which is a gem of lapsed passion meaning and morality — a bit dim, a bit small, even, very dangerous in the defense of any threat and is assigned to the honor of the hybridized And Yarnish couples excellent characterization with an ever more pleasing vocal instrument and an ever more truly physical figure and an ever increasing stage stature that place him very high indeed on the list of emerging younger vocal talents within the current ranks of the Australian Opera.

The current AGC *Don Giovanni* also continues to mature as a production in tone. It is far and away the most successful of the four I can recall having seen put on by this company and its direct predecessor, the Elizabethan Trust Opera Company, in the years since 1956. In particular, it looks fresh down Jim Sturges's much disabused of 1967 and the 19 post doors of 1974, the Australian Opera's first attempt at staging the work at the Opera House site.

It is not a production to rank with the very best the AGC has come up with in its short life, at least not yet, but at least it is good enough to warrant a few years' revivals and something closer to the status of a classic, along.

Prince Lohr's *The Merry Widow* has already survived to the remarkable age, so Victorian operetta (in, of 74, and some of the qualities that have kept it popular for as national way

more evident in this year's summer season revival than last year's Sutherland/Berengue revival at the Sydney Opera House.

The great individual improvement was in Ron Stevens' Danilo which was better sung and much better acted than last year, though Stevens has yet to capture anything like fully the mixture of debonair flamboyance and self-hatred sentimentality that is Prince Danilo. And this is crucial to *The Merry Widow* on stage. For the success of this piece is thereby depends a good deal more on the dramatic credibility of Danilo than the vocal prowess of the Widow herself.

Joan Sutherland obviously loves playing Anna Klautau, yet having her with the vocal ramparts of *The Merry Widow* is akin to watching a world champion boxer take on a rank amateur.

Some, at least of the innumerable and largely unhappy dialogue seemed to have been cut from this year's *Widow* but there was still a good deal more than enough left to make one wish for the chance to have a continuous go at the remainder. The dance sequences and some of the vocal effects stood up well to renewed viewing a year after its event, but less so did the overall effect. Much though I enjoyed the enhanced stage relationship between Sutherland and Stevens, I found that the production overall was less lively



John Pople in the AGC's *Don Giovanni*.
Photo: Brian-Cox

forward, the moments of legitimate dramatic interest far fewer and further between.

The series of male collaborations between Paul Potts' St Nicholas and Robert Eddle's Casanova was even better than ever as was Christine Ebers' rendition of Wagner's aria, though both he and Gordon Wilcock's spoken dialogue were even more pitifully flawed than before. This was a praiseworthy detail of Little Manoeuvre's original production that has not become too glaring with starved exposure, it ought to be turned down considerably if — possibly — eliminated altogether. Harp Furlan's Valentinian, as itself a good effort, was no substitute for David Buchanan's last year. Alison Armit's Camille and Heather Begg's Zerk were once again considerable strengths in an overall effort which did far more than its first share of weaknesses both in detail and as to its overall concept.

The revival of last winter's production of Wagner's *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg* showed a perceptible refinement of last year's effort which was very good indeed even then. This year's summer opening benefited greatly from the presence of a much greater Norman Bailey, in the pivotal role of Hans Sachs, than proved the winter premiere — even though the scheduled Weather of the night. Allen Cuthbert, had to retire after Act II on illness of Reginald Rivers, who coped quite well with the Prize Song. (The general and understandable relief that he had done so well under such trying circumstances caused Bailey to leave Mrs Gurnea for some minutes before he could reappear as the shopkeeper into the English warden's, but nobody minded that at all.)

When Cuthbert had fully recovered, though, he gave his last local performance yet as Weather — producing an aesthetic holdover

sound that made one, for one, look forward to hearing him one day in one or both of the great lyrical score roles in the Ring cycle — Sigmund and Siegmund. Of the rest Donald Skene was unquestionably magnificent as Pogner, Marilyn Buchanan as Elsa, and as before in the role of Eva, and Raymond Hynes as progressively withdrawn as Beckmesser. In the one scheduled major cast change of the *Mastersingers* season, John Gorman sang the two final performances of Beckmesser — and produced an interestingly understated reading of the role which was finally just a little too sympathetic: we were inclined to feel a little sorry for Beckmesser at the end which was certainly not Wagner's intention.

The rest of the large contingent of principals, major and minor, was as well balanced and carefully characterised individually as before, the chorus sang beautifully, though the Act II brawl was decidedly half-hearted on opening night, and the Dischordian Sydney Orchestra, closely more at ease with the huge and difficult score than last year due to increasing familiarity, had mastered more of the details of the complex score almost from performance to performance.

Which leads finally, but most importantly, to the most vital figure in the whole career — the brilliant young English conductor Mark Elder, who put it all together and made it all happen. Elder's talents obviously surge far more widely than Wagner as he has demonstrated in Agrippina most recently with last year's rather good *La Bohème* but the current *Mastersingers* and the open secret that he is conductor designate of the Australian Opera Ring whenever that may constitute means that he is the inevitably closest thing we have at the moment to a Wagner specialist.

In none of this, it was particularly welcome that a superb performance of *The Rheingold*, a cooperative effort of the Australian Opera and the ABC through the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, could be arranged toward the end of March.

The final fully staged operatic event of the month was a double bill of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Trial By Jury* and *The Pirates of Penzance*, which moved into the open theatre of the Sydney Opera House for a brief season during the week following the end of the Australian Opera/Lantern season.

It was a somewhat patchy effort overall, with considerable excellence in some areas inconspicuously nothing absolute with some misgivings in others. For the reason, it was a fine column entering the scene just as before in the practically evolving inconsequential issue of the Opera House and the Sydney Gilbert and Sullivan Society.

But this was a welcome sort of intervention of one scene in from a little broader perspective, that this one night or season, for there was no deterioration in any way, rather, there was significant improvement in some areas but not across the board.

One must give enormous credit, if only in passing, to the personnel of the G and S Society — which has been the only semi-professional group within the territory of the Opera Theatre, to rendered able on first coming and persons all of it, definitely worthy the title. Even the fully professional has launched Old Tom only ever mounted one opera theatre production before having been and broken to public its smaller scale priority in many intimate venues.

Inevitably, the G and S success of this world must do things on a much smaller scale than their heavily subsidised big brothers among the performing arts companies, but companies need not necessarily mean being ineffective or lacking direction. One must obviously take into account the scale of one's stage and musicians when designing for any production, and the Prompt sets for these productions did just that, but at the same time one can design boldly, simply and cheaply, which these productions also did. They were colourful and effective visually, without being complicated or excessively durable for the demands of a brief season. The design director left marks for others.

Occasionally, too these productions were excellent under the musical direction of James McCarthy and to the commercial backing of the so-called Sydney Opera House Theatre Orchestra — a newly formed scratch group which will hopefully be afforded sufficient engagements to ensure some sort of continuity. McCarthy rushed things a little particularly during *Trial By Jury* toward the colour here and there to sacrifice clarity — even some, sometimes — in order to maintain a scheduled pace. But the ensemble sound was consistently pleasing, a considerable improvement in general.



Jean Sutherland's Merry Widow Photo: William Massey

on previous efforts of the society

Probably, the awards were of somewhat variable standard. I found John Parnell's Deborah in *True & Very* and Christopher Hemmings's Major-General in *The Pirates* particularly impressive. Hemmings continues to develop as an increasingly effective exponent of the gutter song roles; he can belt out the outrageous lyrics with the speed of lightning without slurring a single syllable, both good and bad — and even sing well when required. In view of his youth, it seems marvellously likely he is well forward in the queue to don part of at least of the mantle worn so effectively by Dennis Olsen, in recent years, for the Australian Opera and others.

The rest of the solo performances were set up to the standard of these two, but some were quite good. William Murray's Judge in *True & Very* was more slapstick and less musical than I would have liked, Deborah Hemmings's Phaulstiff was rather nicely sung and beautiful to look at, though her voice is a little too small to be wholly satisfying in a hall seating 1100.

In *The Pirates*, Bill Tidy's Pirate King was a suitably rough diamond both of appearance and voice, Lesley Bender was a fine Ruth and John Coddie a nice caricature of a police sergeant. John White Langston is reliable in over in all vocal departments, but didn't any longer really quite get away with playing a youth of twenty one.

My greatest reservations about these productions, though, were in Brian Phillips' direction. Here and there a real point of efficiency, as in the turning of the policeman into bits of scenery when they were supposed to be concealing themselves in Act II of *The Pirates*, and when the judge and jurymen produced yellowed newspapers to read every time the Defendant tried to make a point in *True & Very*.

But for too often groups were lined up along the footlights when it was their turn to sing, and just about every instant was cluttered with camera downstages before the opened his mouth. No doubt the singers in such companies need every advantage that can be afforded them in order to cut through all small voices into the big hall, but the end can be achieved more subtly.

And here and there the production, or lack of it, made absolute nonsense of the text — as when, in that marvellous moment in *True & Very* the Plaintiff is about to prove ("That She is Looking in Plain To Me") Ruth cross and lyrics must both die if it is indeed convincing and that one after the other of the male present must rush to her assistance.

Clearly, in this production, not one of the males lifted a finger to help the girls help who were left on their own corner of the stage to smother and attempt, in various, for instance, into the arms of the Foreman of the Jury club seated in the jury box as those of the Judge pitched ineffectually in his judicial pulpit high above the stage.

Dawn — they've laboured in vain



David Cameron (Royce), Joe Enders and Royce (Mackay) play Dawn in *Dawn*

The film *Dawn* may have been made on the assumption that Australians never had endured in their sports championships as long as the myth of all famous athletes there. Take Len Darcy, for instance, or even Phil Lap, or, in this case, the amazing three-time gold-medal-winning Dawn Fraser.

Len Darcy and Phil Lap were the victims of justice alone losses, in other words the Americans. Dawn Fraser was, it is thought by those who ever think about it, the victim of the sporting establishment and the press. And also, as the film portrays intensely in detail, of her own temperament.

The question is, will anyone ever twelve and under fifty go to witness almost two hours of enquiry into a series of long ago sporting events with diversions into the musician's semi-private life?

Nothing on the sporting side is new. What may be new is the setting out of a couple of long affairs, the implication of an over-emotional friendship with another woman and the heroine's statement that a sexual bout enjoyed on the night before a big race toned up the muscles, so to speak.

The film takes Dawn from her childhood, about the time she left school because she was bored with education and also because her father was too sick to work more than a few days a week, into the '70s. Anyone who cares to go back over the newspaper files will find that a number of incidents are missing.

Of the Olympics, Tokyo certainly gets the

best exposure, and the incident in which Dawn makes off with the Olympic flag is given considerable footage.

The role of Dawn is taken by Royce Mackay Fraser, who has little acting ability but who bears an uncanny resemblance to the original and makes do with a series of more or less stiff facial expressions and the occasional big smile. The whole performance appears weighed down by the responsibility of their role under the vacancy of the script. Characterisation given by the board, except for a fleeting glimpse of something from Lynette Barkers's film. The line-up in paper is pretty good. Ben Haden, Barry Brook, Tom Richards, John Doolan, Iola Kaiti, Gabrielle Hurler. Yet none of them seems able to break out of the stereotype.

The film was produced and written by Joe Carril, who has had a long association with the film industry between the end of the Second World War and the present time. The director was Ken Haines (Barely Ten Feet Away, Summerfield whose hand, in this instance, has lost its left touch. Russell Boyd, director of photography, is a different man from the Boyd who did *Power of Hanging Rock*. Joe Carril's production notes state that Dawn is one of the most ambitious Australian films ever undertaken. It was financed by the South Australian Film Corporation, the Australian Film Commission, the South Museum, and Hertz Theatre.

On the whole, it can be said that they appear to have laboured in vain.

Treasures from a Seven Hundred Year Old Song Collection



Any listener interested in classical music history, or known of Carl Orff's *Carmina Burana*, is personally likely to view in a mainly simple and innocent style of words taken from a great manuscript collection of medieval poems and songs. The collection was first rediscovered in modern times at the monastery at Benediktbeuren in Bavaria, a circumstance which accounts for the name by which this anthology is known. Some pages of the manuscript contain musical notation, which provides an indication of sound and rhythm, but not of exact pitches: the notation seems to have served as a mnemonic. That is, they were an aid to memory for a singer who already knew the tunes.

No amount of guesswork and approximation will ever produce a satisfactory transcription from these sources without some other aid, and for a long time it was believed that the tunes of the original songs would remain probably locked among the secrets of history. Orff, curiously, at the time he wrote his cantata, had no reason to believe that any of the songs he set would be sung in future to other melodies. The identification of some of these tunes has been made possible by the improvement in library cataloguing and the increased capacity for comparison between different musical manuscripts which have come about since World War II. Tunes for some of the poems in *Carmina Burana* have been found in other manuscripts issued with exact relative pitches. Some of these sources are of a later date, but the continuity of the melodies has been confirmed as a standard of pitch by reference to the usage and falling inflections retained by the sources.

This explains how it is that it is now possible to acquire recordings of a considerable number of the *Carmina Burana* poems with their original melodies. There are many other devices, particularly an echo and counterpoint, which have to be made by performers who wish to revive the songs in a way that tries to reproduce the flavour of their original performances.

Listeners can be assured that the two available which have recorded substantial excerpts from the *Carmina Burana* repertoire combine a thorough awareness of the musical sources involved in reconstructing the songs with genuine pleasure in achieving a convincing style of performance. Styx would be a better word to use here, as it would be wrong to conclude that all the poems in an occasional European anthology of this kind were treated in the same way by contemporary musicians. Even the word European can be misleading, how many of the performers of medieval European song have an due take into account the likely influence of Arabic traditions of vocalisation and musical performance on the ultimately pagan culture of northern France, Italy and Spain and their possible dissemination further north.

Thomas Bentley's *Early Music* quartet has recorded some of the *Carmina Burana* settings on Telarc and these can be recommended for their musical fervour as well as for their awareness of known conventions of twelfth and thirteenth century performance. The most substantial set of recordings from the recovered songs of *Carmina Burana* has been made by the Chanteco Consort, directed by Anne Clewerke for Harmonia Mundi. These recordings have now been made easily available in the country by their release on four discs as a World Record Club album (R 01244-3). Chanteco's display, if anything, is even greater breadth of imaginative realisation of the songs than the Early Music Quartet and its collaborators. He has obviously attracted his singers and players to put in much other classical work than their performances in this series. They are people instrumentalists and poets to the songs, a pungent, sometimes even teasing, use of direct accompaniment, one of the principal instrumental resources for the recapturing of voices and environments in the Middle Ages and a variety of textual and musical insights of the musicians. Although it is always possible that some of Chanteco's guesses are wrong, and many even

be shown to be wrong in due course, the nature of the *Carmina Burana* anthology demands a robust approach.

Many of the texts seem to have been the work of those wandering scholars or self-clerical theologians as they sometimes were for whom everything could be turned to gain at the same time as they were capable, in moments, of enjoying themselves with great tenderness and generosity. There are songs of mating and drinking, secret and moral songs, songs of happy and unhappy love, poems about saints and inverted parables, such as the set of songs which amount to a kind of gamblers' mass on which I am sure it won't escape the attention of producers, stage directors, stage managers, and others that there is a copious source of medieval song such as might be turned to effective use for the performance of drama and theatrical sketches. Chanteco has provided a similarly valuable source of music from the twelfth century, certainly a satisfactory one, for the most part the style of *Carmina Burana* and medieval songs from the same movement in the devastating style, *Le Roman de Renart*. Chanteco's recordings from this source have also been issued by the World Record Club.

Two new film discs to match out, again in World Record Club season, serve different purposes. One is a complete disc of music written by Howard Hermann for the film *Obsession* starring Cliff Robertson and Genevieve Bujald (R 05031). This presents a very full account of Hermann's characteristically fearful, understated and accomplished music in a soundtrack recording conducted by the composer. It represents a high order of professionalism but none to me to read some economy of the film is only much more of it. The other disc (R 05011) is entitled *Music from the Minster* and is dedicated to recordings made by Louis Levy and the Chanteco British Symphony Orchestra, including the classical *Music from the Minster* by Levy that used to blast out an introduction to Gramercy French records. All the other poems on the record are performed by Levy and his players and various soloists but are by other writers and composers. They make up an interesting period anthology without having much musical distinction in themselves.

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From the Maestro to a Master

The Life of Noel Coward by Cole Leslie. Pp. 320. (1985).
 Faber. (Illustrated Memoirs) \$22.95 pb.
 The New London and other plays, *South Sea*. By Noel Coward.
 1971. 200 pp.
 The Second Wife, *John Smith's Taylor*. By Noel Coward.
 1944. 100 pp.
 Myself and the Theatre, 1906-31. By Noel Coward. 1971. 100 pp.



Brisk, then avowed flippant, frothy, flaccid, frolicsome, shallow, self-centred and superficial — very much what can make a gallery of derogatory terms such as this seem to have had something. Noel Coward would have been a contender for the title (unfortunately already awarded) of the best twentieth century comic actor as he seriously underestimated his career as the sophisticated assurance of some of the best comedy of his time and along with George Wallace he could have said that his life was so important and so interesting as his work.

Cole Leslie, his secretary and a gentleman's gentleman, has written a biography of him which suggests other adjectives: cruel, lecher, petty, snobbish. Noel's personal passions for all disturbances and crises was, says, Leslie, geographical: "Where things got heavy he ran away to sea, leaving loved ones and colleagues to fend for themselves. He once wrote a poem about a man who committed suicide because he was bored. It's all terribly witty and forgetfully explicit. Noel would go to a party and start around Mexican friendships with every one in the room, even if he hardly ever saw them again.

And yet, for Brown seems to have been wrong when he wrote "Within a few years the

studios of drama will be strong in complete development before the time of *Private Lives*, wondering what on earth those fellows in 1930 saw in so flimsy a trifles." The plays are expected not only by students of drama but in the theatre pool, as readers of Leslie's biography feel entitled to call him, and wrote to a director that he did not think that serious companies should do his plays because the style was so difficult, and put them light, tripping comedies on a well produced again and again. But then, the theatre is not a very important cultural force these days.

And even the most cynical have their favourite Coward comedies or less. For what it's worth mine is "Yes and very little on Hollywood." To which have a nice cup of cocoa really. "We did have some style."

Again according to Leslie, Noel respected David Pines almost as much as he respected Alan Ayckbourn so when one of the Methuen Master Playwrights editions of Pines's work comes to us with some substantial recommendations. The volume contains *Monstrous The Sea Ferry The Basement, Landscape Shiver* and his families to the general reader the short story version of *The Sea Ferry* a first edition of Anne McIlroy and on review sketches.

Pines seems to be best often stated and read than actually produced in the country although Sydney recently had a special Pines season and it is for the sort of reader that this series is designed.

Jason Gray's *The First Column* appeared last year and is now published along with *Ably and Alas* in a *Sideshow*. It shows, among other things, the barbarous and inglorious code of behaviour which the British developed to persuade themselves that they deserved an empire. A small group of officers in a shack in the middle of the Congo with a large party of Africans who are all dying. The play is held together by a mad commander who insists they all stay put and read for some obscure confidence. If a woman for him anyone could have gone home to their shops in London well before the play started.

John Russell Taylor's sequel to *Anger and After The Second Wave*, a critical and commented on paperback recently awarded to writers have changed, and some of those to whom Taylor gives prominence seem less important than others who in the last forty years have developed.

The bibliographies at the back of the book to which the revision seems concerned, reveal huge gaps in the text for writers such as David Hare, John Ayckbourn, Howard Szelegan and Tim Suppenn who had all barely started in 1970.

Nevertheless this is still a readable account of the work of the principal British dramatists of the century.

Also seen as paperback is *Myself and the Theatre*, edited by Edward Bruns. This excellent collection of Coward's writings, his *Sketches for Theatre*, gives a running commentary placing the substance in biographical and social perspective. When the book first appeared in 1965 it introduced to non-specialist English readers a man of the theatre with an awesome reputation but whom very few knew anything about. The book provides a fascinating range of material revealing him as Eric Bentley wrote "in among the great masters of the modern stage."

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Romero and Julio by Gonzalo. Producers, Terence Clarke, Musical Director, Richard McIntyre, Design, James Redwood. 5, 7, 9 April
The Kingfisher by Douglas Moore, with George Wilson, John McCulloch, Frank Thring. 19-23 April

CHILDREN'S THEATRE HALL (02) 5244

Archives Theatre Workshop
Waiting for Godot by Samuel Beckett, directed, Ralph Wilson. 2-11 April

RED HOUSE THEATRE WORKSHOP (02) 5275

THE JOHAN COMPANY

Hand a Rose school tour
The Wind in the Willows. Children Street Hall, directed, Peter Wilkins. Opens 10 April

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Experimental theatre company, director, Carol Woodrow, full time workshops

THEATRE 1-07 (02) 523

Centenary Repertory Co. Music Hall 1st Night, directed, Rosemary Hyde. 18-12, 19-21, 23-26 April

For more contact Margaret Wells on 49-690

NEW SOUTH WALES

ACTRESS COMPANY (02) 6659

Golden by Shakespeare. Directors, David Goddard with Michael Romero. Last Piece, James Lafferty. Kathryn Thompson. Through April. Weekends, Sun, Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri 11-12pm

ARTS COUNCIL OF NEW SOUTH WALES (02) 54110

Touring programme, *Alan Ford Australian Songbooks*. Contact next schools 26 May-28 April. *Children's Folklores*, Hunter Valley and North West schools. To 27 April

After Midwinter Lament. *Agony* and *Desires*. 30 April-24 June, 1989

Jeuneur Plural with Linda Blake. Newcastle. Coalfield. Wollongong, South and Riverina. To 13 April

DANCE COMPANY (02) 4600

Drama Theatre, Opera House
 Australian Choreographer, Gossie Murphy, Music, Percy Cunningham. Closes 21 April. Night is 1pm, matinee 3pm

LES CURRIE PRESENTATIONS (02) 4600

Male Junkies. Traditional. *Black Music*. Touring schools throughout April

Male Adultery. Touring high schools in North West Hunter Valley and North Coast districts

ENGLEBELL THEATRE (02) 5477

Act by Somerset Maugham, Director, Ian Chang, with Helen Morris, Brian Young, Judy Fenn, Norman Ross. 6 April-2 June

FRANK STRAUB'S BULL N BUSH

THEATRE RESTAURANT (02) 4627

Thou art the Music. Musical revue with Noel Brophy, Barbara Wynton, Garth Monte, Neil Bryant, Helen Loran, Director, George Gaudin

Apologies to Kip Powell for the apocryphal error in her name in the December issue

GERMANIAN THEATRE (02) 5212

Johnny. Chorus by Maurice, Director, Ray Armstrong, with Charles, Zara, Guyton. Michael. *Drug Users*. Closes 21 April
From Amsterdam by Shakespeare. Director, Margaret Kennedy. Opens 16 April

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE (02) 5401

Seven Caves. Director, Peter Henry, starring Ray Livermore. Throughout April

HUNTER VALLEY THEATRE CO

(Newcastle) 36-2120
Croc Playhouse
 Chorus. Director, Ross McGregor, choreography, Christina Kotke. Throughout April

KINETIC ENERGY DANCE CO (0666)

Revolving. Hall. Opens House. 1 April-12pm. 3-8 April, 11am and 1-12pm

KIRKILLI PUB THEATRE (02) 4415

Kernell. Show by Paul Chubb, Patrick Ward and Richard Young. Director, Richard Young, with Patrick Ward, Laura Gilbert, Steven Scott. Robert Mann, Penny Palka. Sets throughout April

MARIAN STREET THEATRE (02) 3666

Two Times. *Julius* by Alan Ayckbourn, Director, Alford Duncan, with Judy Mann, Philip Huxon and Tom McCarthy

MUSIC HALL THEATRE RESTAURANT (02) 1212

Look To The Devil. Woman and directed by Stanley Walsh with Ron Haddock, Alan Wilson. Karen Johnson. *Edna*. Closes. Throughout April

MUSIC LOFT THEATRE (02) 4660

On Paper by Hilary Bamberger et al. Director, William Orr, with Les Young. Anne Emory

NEW THEATRE (02) 5403

Ready River by Dick Diamond. Director, Frank Barco, with Brian McPherson. *Christmas Lyrics*, James Slaven, Mary O'Neill. Closes 1 April
Richard's Clock by Beckett. Robert, Director, John Armstrong. Opens 21 April

NIMROD THEATRE (02) 5603

Upstart. *Romero and Julio* by Shakespeare, Director, John Bell with Neil Gilman. *Angels*. *Punch*, Drew Fawcett, Kerry Walker. Closes 13 April

Downfall, *The Sisters* from the Bush from Henry Lawson. Director, Roddy Fisher. Closes 15 April

SET HOUR CENTRE (02) 5012

Newest production of *Romero and Julio*. See above for details. Opens 12 April

PLAYERS THEATRE COMPANY (02) 7110

Sisters. *Web* by August Strindberg. Director, Graham Curry, with Tina Givens, Kim Fraser. *Are You*. Kenneth Lord, Kay Taylor. Closes 14 April

200 PLAYHOUSE (02) 4604

Thou art the Music with these. Opens 21 April

OTHEATRE (02) 21 2715

How the Other Half Loves by Alan Ayckbourn. Bathurst, 4-7 April
The Good Soldier Schwab by Jaroslav Hasek. Parramatta. Opens 18 April

REGENT THEATRE (02) 4967

The Tolstoyan. *Julius*. Director, 27 April
Sam's for Sam. Opens 19 April

RIVERINA TRUCKING COMPANY (069) 23 2033

Old Country. Theatre. Wagga
Indecent by Arthur Koppe. through April

ROCKS PLAYERS (02) 4760124 7630

Peter Pan. *The Birthday Party*. *The House*. coming. *Old Times*. Directors, Barry Hayes, Gary Macdon, Ed Pepper. Throughout April

SET HOUR CENTRE (02) 5012

York Theatre. *The Kingfisher* by William Douglas Home, Director, George Quinn, with George Wilson, John McCulloch. Frank Thring

SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE (02) 5511

Opera House
The Australian Ballet
 Programme 1 — *Les Sylphides*. *New Ballet*. *Orpheus*

Programme 2 — *Coppelia*
Drama Theatre. *Dance Company*. Closes 21 April
Revolving. Hall. *Revolving Energy*. *Dance Co*. *Enlightenment*. *Puppets*. *Enlightenment*. Opens 7 April

THEATRE ROYAL (02) 5511

Discharge by Ian Lavis, Director, Michael Blumstein, starring Gena Olsen, Robyn Nevin. Throughout April

For more contact Gena Long on 377 1300

QUEENSLAND

ARTS THEATRE (02) 3144

Night Watch by Lucille Fletcher. Director, Joan Whelan, Designer, Peter Eastman, with Gervase Hocking-Smith, Ian Givens, Mary Spreng. 29 April-30 April

BRISBANE ACTORS COMPANY (02) 2444

Twelfth Night. Theatre
Aschbach by William Shakespeare, Director, Jane Atkins. 19 April-5 May

LES CURRIE PRESENTATIONS (02) 344-6600

Male Junkies. From *Desires* and directed by Gary Givens, Music, Carolyn Thomas, with Kim Givens, with and Kevin Mann. Touring Qld throughout April

SARLING COMMISSION (02) 3140

Performance — *The Killing of Sister George* by Cressida Cowell. 27 April

The Rocky Horror Show. Musical book and lyrics by Richard O'Brien, Director, David Addelman, Designer, Jack Valentin. 17-20 April

ROSS HARRIS'S (02) 321-2770

Old Youth Festival. Valley Business Council. 1-12 April
Adultery of the Americans by Frederick Loewe. 17-20 April

H Fraser-Smith, Harry Graham, Director, Betty
Pounder 17 Apr 3 May

LA ROUTE (26 1622)

Visitors by Brian Peters, Director, John Milson,
Visitors by Broadway (Broadway), Sally McKenna, Post
Writers Open 19 April

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QLD THEATRE COMPANY (231 8071)

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Edwards, Designer, Peter Cooke
18 Apr 12 May

For further contact see Box Office on 268 2618

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AUSTRALIAN DANCE THEATRE

(212 2046)

Opera Theatre

Black Angels by Christopher Bruce

The Wandering by Jonathan Taylor

Songs of Innocence by Joseph Sangha

29 Mar 7 Apr

G THEATRE (21 5719)

Q by Anna and Catherine Linn, Director,
Frank Gargio 18 Apr 12 May

STATE OPERA OF SA (11 4141)

Secret Marriage by Cameron (in English) Opens
10 April

STATE THEATRE COMPANY (21 3152)

American Juggler by David Mamet, Director,
Mark Emmitt, Designer, Michael Roberts
29 Mar 21 Apr

TROUPE AT THE RED SHED

Mike's Madness by David Allen, Director, David
Allen Theatre, 22 May 8 Apr

For further contact The Administrator, ACT
on 223 6616

TASMANIA

TASMANIAN PUPPET THEATRE (21 7996)

Pink Theatre, Melbourne
Killing? written and directed by Peter Wilson,
Music, John Stanton
2-6 April

SALAMANCA (21 5226)

The Whale — The Biggest Thing That Ever
Died by Ken Kuba, Director, Al Barwick
Touring country schools at Tas through April

THEATRE BITE AL (21 7996)

Comedy 3 April

Two for the Show, Chelsea Brown and Gus
Mazzoni on tour 17 April

Under the Hood by Dylan Thomas, Welsh
Theatre Co on tour 21-26 April

For further contact the Editorial Office on
646627 4476

VICTORIA

ALEXANDER THEATRE (242 3211)

Musicals for Schools by William Shakespeare
Alexander Theatre Company, Director, Michael
Robertson

ACTORS THEATRE (429 1638)

Three Co-Star Now You Know Who
Hush! by David Webb, Music, Kate and
Ashley Dorian

ARENA THEATRE (24 96704 117)

Amorphy by Edward Albee, Company One,
Designed and directed by Peter Tulloch,
Touring upper secondary schools

At Who Would Say "No" Or "No" based on
ideas of Ronald Brecht, Company One, Directed,
designed and directed by Peter Charlton
Touring lower secondary schools

Wonders by Bruce Ford, Company Two,
Designed and directed by Peter Tulloch,
Touring upper secondary

Paul Palmer and Ian Ficht against the
University by Ernest Gray, Designed and
directed by Peter Charlton, Touring lower
secondary

Twelfth's Quest by Stephen Wilson, SCAT,
Student Activity Theatre
The Great American Black stage Musical by Bill
Sells and Donald Wood, Mixed company
Academic program 17 Mar Class 3 May

ARTS COUNCIL OF VICTORIA (229 4332)

The Flamingo Folk Tails by the Brothers Grimm
Adapted and directed by Don Mackay, On Tour
Just Making the Grade by Ian Crawford,
Director, John Wright, with Francesca Henry
Touring primary schools

Modern After Theatre, Michael Fiedler
Touring secondary schools

AUSTRALIAN PERFORMING GROUP

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Twisted by Steve Sandell, Director, Kerry
Dwyer, Front Theatre
Pawlovers Space, Rock theatre, Contact
theatre for youth

COMEDY THEATRE (661 4991)

Laughs dominated by Hamilton Deane and
John L. Henderson, Director, Robert Helpmann,
Scruffy and Comstock, Edward Gorgey, with
John Waters, Max Black, David Richardson
Lynne Bowles and company

CREATIVE ARTS THEATRE (877 4266)

Apes Apes Super Betty Touring, magicians and
country primary schools 20 Feb 26 Apr
Who What When and Where? THE Rembrandt
drama project in primary and special schools
From 2 April

EXEPLA THEATRE FOUNDATION

(61 7643)

Playbox Theatre

Civilisation Only by Eric Morrison, Director,
Gordon Blackwell
Alison Mary Papan, Director, Bill Zappo,
Upstairs-Dance, early April

Mein, from an Old Man's Diary Adapted from
Chick by Malcolm Robertson and Scott
Ramsay with Malcolm Robertson Opens 19
April

HER MAJESTY THEATRE (242 3212)

Amie Directed by George and Edd Martin
with Hays Gordon and Jill Portman
Through April

LARGE LAUGH THEATRE RESTAURANT

(214 6234)

Tricks directed and performed by Ross
Shuffington, Director, Nigel Tuffin, Design,
Travis Parker with Marina Rago

LA MAMA (229 455240 5845)

Loft 5 Apr by Malcolm Parrott

5 Apr 12 Apr

Run Run Jump by Robert Lamb, originally
scheduled for March has now been postponed to
late February/early July

MELBOURNE THEATRE COMPANY

(234 4202)

Real/Imagined Theatre

Amorphy by Frank Kella, Adapted,
directed and designed by Steven Barford
Mimic Theatre, Sydney, production, To 12
Mar

Amorphy Theatre

Twelfth by William Shakespeare, Director,

John Sumner, Design, Tanya McCallin
To 5 May

PHLOM PUPPET THEATRE (214 4602)

Peter Pan by J M Barrie, Adapted by Graham
Burt

PRINCESS THEATRE (662 2911)

Crows, Marmosets by Royce Ryton, Director,
Peter Williams, Design, John Hall To 7 April
Australian Opera Company
Molten Saffron and Cerebella Placental
Repertoire Opens 14 April

VICTORIAN STATE OPERA (11 5811)

Commencement Concert 22 April
Place of Love/Parkland Cries, Hall
21, 24 April Midsize Arts Centre Theatre, 3, 4,
5 May
Jade, Open a Time Grapale Fairy Tales
adapted by Peter Narroby, Schools company

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

HOLE IN THE WALL (21 2402)

Gone With Windy by David Allen, Director,
Cate McCall 14 Mar 14 Apr
City Slog by Steven Postall, Director, Cate
McCall 18 Apr 19 May

NATIONAL THEATRE COMPANY

(223 1388)

The Warlord by Jack Davis, Director, Andrew
Bass on tour

THE REGALISE (221 1571)

Groups and Schools with Brian Murphy and
Timothy Ayres, Director, Tony Clayton
2-21 Apr

WA BALLET COMPANY (235 4117)

The Playhouse, Their ballets by Grahame Walsh,
Christian Parnis, Jonathan Taylor
2-12 Apr

WA OPERA COMPANY

The Apples Opera by Benjamin Britten,
Conductor, Alan Abbott

For further contact see Box Office on 259 6629



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Q & Q

(Continued from page 4)

programme is *Barrow* as well as touring at the major outback centres in the Northern Territory. This year they will be involved in a number of special projects for the Year of the Child, as well as a number of adult community theatre projects.

MAGPIES SPREADING WINGS

ROGER CHAPMAN, Director, Magpie TIE

"Used the Come-Out Festival May, when a new play by local writer Rob George was presented. The Magpies were busy performing four different school and community programmes.

Next week, our highly successful and provocative participatory play about the media, continues to run for middle year high school students. *One Anyone Really Lost Here?*, a participatory programme about community identities for upper primary school students, also continues.

In addition, the company took to Ayer's Creek the community show *Billy Gilligan's Good General Election* (to which toured the artwork so successfully during November, 1978). Answering popular demand, Magpie is also bringing back *Arks in the Flax* for a school and community season. Set during the 1920s when state at Port Adelaide, this play brought the company much critical acclaim when it was first performed in 1973.

The Magpie actors have been spreading their natural wings so that they fill the rock group, The Hot Seeds, and have a varied many different sections of the South Australian community, from our own State Theatre Company subscribers to workers and their families out along the Transcontinental Railway Line."

SYDNEY ACCESS GROUP

PETER CARMODY, Griffin Theatre Co.

"A semi-professional group has been formed in Sydney. We call ourselves the Griffin Theatre Company. So far the members include Henry Lang French, Peter Carmody, Robert Menzies, Philip Cook, Rosemary Limes and John Kynan.

Our first production is *The Ginger Man* by J.P. Donleavy, design by Andrew Maxwell. We'll be running at the Kirk Gallery through April, every night except Sundays and Mondays. The Griffin company has been conceived as an access group (interested writers, actors or directors are invited to submit ideas or proposals). Contact can be established either through Peter Carmody at NIDA or come and speak to us before or a few performances at the Kirk Gallery, Cleveland St. Surry Hills."

Theatre Australia



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Richard Bradshaw
The Playwrights' Conference
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THESPIA'S PRIZE CROSSWORD No. 10

Name

Address

Across:

1. Becala, but not enough to eat (8)
2. Get. Do it before classy breakfast (4)
3. One good man follows the poet and becomes an aspect builder (8)
10. Best flows to a quiet river in Syria (4)
11. All the warmest metaphors the flames (1, 2)
12. Not well in first prize container (4)
14. Too strong possibly by one word (4)
17. Provoked in a tough mood (4)
18. "There are so far away, with drinking of old —" (Henry IV Part II (4)
20. A common it and organ (4)
23. Drama, take it over, or the consequences will be of the present (4)
24. Right denotes the uncertain and makes him hold (4)
25. Or with's language makes one somehow (4)
26. State with more 24-cents 5 00 (4)

Down:

2. Getting a better life, we are (4)
3. Tumbled (verb) and exchange (4)
4. Bazaar with about a halpoo price me a trust (4)
5. An actress, Rastafarian, said, she is almost? (4, 11)
6. Pulling a horse to a griffin with strong (4)
7. Permission to go the outside feed (4)
8. Former, first post to old European customs spread around the world to give practice (4)
12. Share of unusual strong land (10)
15. Is a fairly easy, depends on or to be being (4)
16. Emma's Anna and Brandon is love? (4)
18. This boy's a gem (4)
21. Thought strong-Sally someone (4)
22. First time a comic was introduced (4)



The first correct entry drawn on April 26th will receive one year's free subscription to TA.

Last month's answers

Last month's winner was S. M. Roberts, Brighton, S.A.